

A GLEANER
IN
CLOVER FIELDS

ERVILLA GOODRICH TUTTLE



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ERVILLA GOODRICH TUTTLE
“TUDLEY OF H—”

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by

ERVILLA GOODRICH TUTTLE

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A GLEANER

Long years ago I asked that I might be
A gleaner in the fields of every day—
The common days, so many, and gray—
And straightway the dear Lord did answer me
By opening my blind eyes, that I might see
How longed-for treasure all around me lay;
How corners were uncut along the way,
As God Himself commanded they should be.

A tossing sea waved in the meadow green,
Ensphered, the sun smiled in a drop of dew;
A moon-bow spanned the mists two days between,
And earth and sky seemed all created new.
Each day was glorified when I could glean
Rich sheaves in every field my life wound through.

IN CLOVER FIELDS

And what did you get for your gleaning
In the sad wild wastes of pasture land,
Where grew no grain nor tree nor shrub
For a branch of bloom in the hand?

Just sweetness from low white clover,
Nearby Hymettus sweets abound,
And bending eyes close to earth,
The four-leaved clovers oft were found.
Just honey enough for each day
From clover fields, scenting the air,
Oft bordering the roadside way;
So Common, so Sweet, and so Fair.

CLOVERS

BY THE ROADSIDE—WHITE DAISIES AND WHITE CLOVER.
(JUNE 22.)

BREATH OF CLOVER ON THE WIND. (JULY 3.)
A BUNCH OF WHITE CLOVER. (JULY 8.)

APRIL DAYS

THE STORY OF MY GARDEN—SPRING—WORK AND SPRING THOUGHTS—MY ROSARY—COSETTE'S GARDEN—WINE IN OLD BOTTLES—SNOW—FRISKET—SWEET FLAG—PIN-CUSHION DAY—THE SIZE OF THE WORLD—ATALANTA OF CALEDON.

APRIL

April is Summer's messenger,
The Earth's getting ready for her.
In their time tree and bloom come true
And Scillas are blossoming blue.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 186—

I have determined to have a garden—something wished for long, but something which has always been just beyond my reach. But we have acquired a hoe. It is a good one, and now with that hoe what wonders can be wrought! Once I tried to make a garden without this useful implement. It was not a success.

FRIDAY, APRIL 20

The plot of ground under the east windows has been hoed and raked and coaxed into shipshape. It really begins to look like a real garden. Gail Hamilton said of her garden, the dirt was as yellow as gold, but it was a failure. The earth in my garden is as black as a wicked heart, and I'm working for success. Oh, the sweetness of the things that are mine! How good of God to let me call them mine! My Home, my Mother, my Jan, and my

Garden! I'm very rich. I shall have to add beads to my Rosary, although it is already twice told regulation length.

I find the sweet violets; a nice little bunch are already budded to blossom. Sometimes they blossom under the snow.

With riches, wants multiply. I want in my garden scarlet beans and scarlet geraniums, whose long blossoms make such nice drinking cups for the humming birds. And sweet peas with their "messages for me," and rose geraniums too, for they say what my heart says to Jan, "Thou art my choice."

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

Yesterday I pinched my rosemary a very little and its fragrance was a very little inspiring. Today I've been Napoleonic, making my "Iliad in action." Brought up from the meadow a basketful of wild violet roots and put them out before the parlor windows.

The dear old-fashioned parlor. Jan says it is like Cosette's garden, because "we found out each other's names there."

Yesterday I dreamed a dream of summer. Dreams have worth only as action makes them real. Thus doing has made today richer than yesterday. Entertaining occupations keep the heart in health. To live simply wishing and looking out of the window is to remember with pain the story of Sisera's mother, her waiting at the lattice for the chariot wheels that tarried in their coming and—her disappointment. Waiting and disappointment—who is able to stand unmoved in face of these enemies of life? They twain steal the gold from the sunshine, the promise from the bow of the storm, the sweetness from the rose. When these things have been filched from life, then one is old.

But when "nights lose and days win," it is easy to forget that one has waited or suffered from disappointment. Sad thoughts lose out of mind as the snow melts before the sun. Breathing in anticipation odor of violet in the air, one forgets everything, only to be happy.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

To go to meeting is an event with us to be anticipated, talked of, enjoyed and remembered. The worship of God is refining. In hours of worship all the evil fires burn low. The good burgeons into incense—yielding bloom. God give me a worshipful heart. The White School House was well filled today. Evidently some were more interested in the meeting than the object of the meeting. Just in the middle of a hymn a horse got loose from its hitching, and three men and two boys rushed out, one in his haste brushing the hymnbook nearly out of an elder's hand. Too sudden a transition of things to be helpful to concentrated attention.

The singing is an enjoyable feature of a schoolhouse meeting. All sing the melody. The man who seemed to lead, led with a little child in his arms, who all the time of the singing crumpled a letter and chittered like a bird. I should think it would have disconcerted him, but it did not seem to and he went through the tune unruffled and serene. One hymn was especially sweet.

"I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me."

The invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink," was read again to us from the sacred Word. He who delivered the invitation was not exactly prepossessing, neither wholly the opposite. He wore smoke-colored glasses and read with one eye close to the page,

which made it seem very painful. His collar was very low, but according to the lesson Rabbi Joshua taught the Emperor's daughter, "Wine is best kept in common vessels, and so is wisdom."

MONDAY, APRIL 23

Dark and wet, a dismal sky. The damp that draws the snails out of their houses drives the honey bees into theirs. Usually on such days girls take to the lazy work of tatting and satin stitch, but I didn't "tat" today; instead I have aired a Charlotte Bronte affinity. She says she had always an affinity for soap and water and I've had a revel in suds. The farmhouse pantry is tonight as sweet as new-blown daisies in its cleanliness. As I worked I dreamed such a sweet dream.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24

We found a new edition of winter left on the door-step this morning. Yesterday the earth wore the hue of the olive branch. Today it wears the white of the robes in waiting and we are one day nearer heaven.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25

Hope goes up and hope goes down. Rises and falls like the tides of the ocean. It is ecstasy and then a corresponding depression. Yesterday a dish of phlox, which had nicely got started from the seed, was tipped over. I reset the thread-like stems, not willing to be broken over so small a thing. Then Frisket, my pet calf, looking for spring greens under the snow, lifted a bunch of Polyanthus out of the ground and the pretty creature escaped without a scolding. This morning all my transplanted violets were frosted, lop eared and "done gone" by the frost last night.

But there are thousands more in the meadows and I can transplant another lot. I like to be in the meadow,

although the bugs and the beetles take the poetry out of that line of Bayard Taylor's:

“I lie in the summer meadows.”

I want my ears perpendicular from their little nests and houses in the grass.

Three things that have made me glad have also made me sorry. There is a lesson short enough to be easily remembered, easy, too, to forget when one is glad.

Eleanor has been spending the day at home. Mrs. Harry B—— called and wanted me to go with her to dig sweet flag. I went and now I know by experience that sweet flag grows in swamps. My feet were wet as young sponges when I returned from the expedition.

I have a harp in my room arranged in the window. There is a description of a wind-harp in the life of Corinne, but this is a silken thread fastened at either end to small wedges of wood which are set between the frames. This simple contrivance serves the double purpose of a musical instrument, and of keeping the windows from rattling in the wind, which still blows furiously some days, if it is spring. And the wind is a more wonderful musician than Ole Bull to bring weird witch melodies from my one-stringed harp. The sound is pleasant, faint, like far-off singing. I love to listen to it in the night.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26

The great sale of pincushions, called a Fair, for the benefit of the sanitary commission, which was held in the village some years ago, has been brought to mind today by our occupation. Since a thousand years, *i. e.*, a long time, Mother and I, when we should find a convenient time, have been going to do some fancy work. This dark day has been redeemed from dreariness, I can say redeemed in this place, by making pretty pincushions.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28

I'm little housekeeper. Mother has gone to the village and will spend the Sabbath there. All day everything has gone by steam. I had the washing (weather delayed) hung out before the Red Chariot went by. Then I scoured a little, and dusted a little, and ironed a little. Went down in the meadow and found by the brookside a shad bush in blossom and made a bouquet. Sung a little just at twilight, read my Bible lesson. And now I'm ready for a happy sleep, having been usefully employed from morning till night. But—to live forty years, just scouring a little, washing a little, dusting a little, and so forth, I could tell Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor there was a place, little did not mean precious, or have any remote connection with Paradise.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29

There was no preaching at the White School House today, so there was nothing to do but to look up into the blue sky and think. If only the sky were always blue, but it is not. Sometimes the face of the sky is overcast by dark, sullen clouds, then it is bright with rosy smiles and then we look up into a very tearful face. So the changes go on forever from grave to gay, and round the circle from gay to gray. Today the sky has been a beautiful summer blue and I have been happy.

MONDAY, APRIL 30

After breakfast, which is always my starting point for the day, I hustled about transplanting some very small plants, doing the ironing and making a pie for dinner. The fences being like no fences, the cow and Frisket decided to step over a fence and take a look at the valley. Mary took a two-mile walk to drive them back. These are

the events of interest that fill the measure of our days. The world we live in is a very small one. I wonder if there is a bigger world outside our valley, where folks get a daily paper and talk together of the things that daily happen. No, it can't be; this valley must be the full bigness, no greater world anywhere. I can see the sky touch the hills just below the old tavern and it touches just beyond Granny Christopher's. Maybe it is mist, that which I call sky. I'll ask Jan. Maybe he can tell me.

A joy has fallen today. A beautiful new book, "Atalanta of Calydon." Has anything been written that was sweeter to read in springtime in the country than these lines?

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

And the book is mine—Jan brought it to me.

9 o'clock. Harry B—— just stopped to return a basket Mother sent up to their house filled with apples. It comes back filled with butternuts. Kindness begets kindness. Kindness is so cheap that everyone can be a millionaire in giving kindness. The world in all its wideness offers nothing so good as the things that are so cheap, or common. Sunshine, that all can see and feel; air, that all can breathe; water, that all may drink, and "living water," that all may drink and never know thirst any more.

MAY DAYS

MAY DAY PROPOSITION—FROST—PREACHING—WELCOMES
—A WEDDING—VIOLETS—COMING HOME—HAIL STORM—
THE SPANIARD—TRANSPLANTING—MOTHER WALKING—
THE MEADOW—THE BORDER LAND OF SPRING—HOMELY
DUTIES GLORIFIED—FIRE ON THE HEARTH—NO LILACS—
THE PROMISE—GOING TO TOWN IN THE RAIN—THE WHITE
ROOM—COFFEE—KING SOLOMON'S SEAL.

MAY

The Heart-weed growing by the walk
Sends up a pale pink flowered stalk,
A wand-like stem, from mass of green,
Where on each leaf a heart is seen.

A DREAM OF THE MAYFLOWER—TRAILING ARBUTUS

THE North wind came from the North. The South wind came from the South; over the hillsides bare and brown, through the valleys up and down, they went together. The South wind shivered and was a-cold. A sound of sighing went through the tree-tops, a sign of coming rain—the tears of the South wind. “Come with me,” said the South wind to the North wind, “where there is warmth and color and perfume, where it is sweet to live.”

And the North wind answered: “Come with me and I will show you fairer flowers than those blossoming in the land of the South,” and they went on together.

Over the hillsides bare and brown, through the valleys up and down, following in the footsteps of the North and South winds were true lovers, two and two.

The sky was blue; the breath of the South wind soft and sweet; the grass in patches was green and like a velvet mat. It was spring time in the eyes and hearts of the lovers. Spring time is Paradise Regained.

The bee finds not sooner the first cup of bliss of summer than lovers find the mayflower, which lifts its pink and white waxen blooms from bunches of evergreen leaves. It is our Lover's Edelweis. The snow protects, the sunshine colors, the tears of the broken-hearted winter nourish the roots and, peerless and fearless, the blossoms scatter fragrance round, like broken vases of alabaster, of precious spikenard.

Up in the sky the sun shined down in the meadows, the bobolinks sang. The South wind called to the North wind: "I have found the flower that is fairer than any that blossom in the South. I saw on the hillsides bare and brown, happy lovers kneeling to pick the clustered blossoms of the mayflower and they were so happy as I flew by I kissed them softly. Sing, oh North wind with your clear, strong voice, Love is the mayflower of the Earth, the fairest flower that blooms."

As they went on together the heart of the South wind grew strong and brave; the heart of the North wind grew soft and warm; and they sang, "Love is the fairest flower that blooms, Love is the mayflower of the Earth."

MAY DAY, 186—

Mother came home from the village in the Red Chariot. The folks along the valley road call our Red Chariot the stage. She found everything in prime order. I had churned and the morning work was all out of the way. The parlor was warmed, coffee nicely browned ready for the mill and a nice dinner was soon ready for her. After dinner we cracked butternuts and enjoyed the ever-enjoyable "Swaar" apple. My two days of house-

keeping had been such a delight that I asked Mother to change rooms with me and let me be her housekeeper. Mother smiled and said I had better try getting up and "orderating" things a while longer before she moved. Orderating is a word coined by little Alice and we have adopted it into the vocabulary of household words. I call it my May Day proposition. In the afternoon came one of the prettiest snow storms that ever was seen. May Day in her bridal dress was very pretty. I wish I could make pictures, I would like to make one of my Meadow Park with the snow and the shadows of twilight. I'll save it in my heart, it will make my soul wealth greater; save it in memory as Jan saved the beautiful view on the Savannah River which marked a birthday when he was a soldier.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2

Busied myself planning a silk morning dress for Mother. It is to be "bran" new, made out of an old silk dress of hers and one of mine. Just as I was lighting the parlor fire after dinner, John and Milla came to make a visit. I left Mother visiting and went into the kitchen to get the extra dinner. Presently Mother came into the kitchen and asked what I was getting for their dinner and said "All right, Daut," when I told her.

The fire wood being low, John brought up an armful of drift formation from the barn to break up. The axe being broken, he said he'd saw it if I would show him how. He understood wood chopping, he said, but not wood sawing, so I showed him how to saw the wood.

It is very odd and it is very true, there are people on the earth who seem to think, in exact proportion that a girl is educated, she is bereft of common sense. I think that is why John asked me to saw the wood.

I know some things that I did not learn at Mrs. Willard's. I can drive a nail and not pound my fingers with the hammer. So could Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite. In the Book it is written of her, "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be." She put her hand to the nail and her right hand to the workman's hammer and by the unwomanly act wrought a deliverance for Israel.

It isn't a bad thing to know how to do all kinds of work, farm work, drudgery, dishwashing, if only one can keep from growing ploddy, stolid and kitcheny.

One day Millicent and Alice were walking on Broadway looking in the shop windows at the beautiful displays, when Millicent said, "What lovely windows to wash." And Alice said, "What lovely windows to look through." Millicent was always so practical and Alice was soulful; she loved beauty. As the thought, so the speech. As the heart, so the act.

THURSDAY, MAY 3

I wanted John to take me to the village. One of the ponies he drove was a barefoot colt and he didn't want to worry it over the rough roads (it froze last night and there was ice this morning and the road was hubby), so I went over and borrowed Mr. Obee's buggy. He loaned me the old one, the truly, truly, "Wonderful One Hoss Shay." John drove a single horse and we went to the mantua maker's, the bonnet maker's, the post office and the market. It was so cold riding that my fingers ached and the wind blew straight through all my winter wraps. We were in town an hour and I did not see a person that I knew. It was not a visiting expedition; like sweet Peggy, I simply went to market.

This evening Mother and John have had a long cranberry marsh conversation. I suppose the "Judge" might

have married "Maud," and also that the cranberry marsh might become a reality if—and there lots of things come to an end. The first reason that, once on a time, a salute was not fired was because there was no cannon. The other ninety-nine of the hundred reasons did not count. John has been interested in reading war stories.

I have noticed this, that the more systematically work is done, the more time one seems to have at disposal. I must learn to plan, to plan well. I suppose I ought to have more arithmetic in my head. I'll cultivate it; I'll cultivate all things that I lack—in my garden.

FRIDAY, MAY 4

This little bedtime talk gives me pleasure. It is unburdening my heart of the trivialities of the day to a very quiet and indulgent friend. The kind of friend most esteemed by a bore. One who allows the bore to do all the talking. This little talk also reveals the fact which might be otherwise overlooked. It is this, in every day there is some pleasantness and beauty. A white pebble dropped in the way by the angel who walks ahead is sufficient to turn the channel of thought for the day and leads one into lovely paths, which unaided, I should not have taken. God help me to find beauty in every day of my life.

SATURDAY, MAY 5

Victor Hugo says of spring: "It is a provisional paradise." Sunshine helps to make man happy. How easy one's duties seem in a bright day, though it be carrying a burden. Have cleaned my room, putting it in beautiful order. It is very sweet and clean. It is carpetless, but it has a wonderful floor; generations of hand work have made it what it is. It was laid rough and by continual

scouring it has been worn down to a satin-like smoothness that is quite marvelous. Why this hand work on boards should bring about this peculiar condition of smoothness, I do not know. I am told that it is so and the boards under my feet seem to prove it. The handsome white bed redeems the room from looking comfortless, and tonight when the westering sun shined in and filled it with light it looked—just peaches.

After dinner took a sacque I have been making for Mary up to Mrs. Harry B—'s to get her to do a little stitching for me—forot the thread and walked back for it. But then the houses are in sight of each other. Clever Mrs. Harry B— would take no pay for what she did, for, she said, "One never knows how soon one's self may need favors." Wise and kind little woman.

On my way home with my work climbed over a rail fence into a wood lot for a handful of Spring beauties (Claytonia). Sent a bunch over to Eleanor to make her Sunday bright. Since John and Milla left for home we have settled back into the usual quiet. Quiet is not always of long duration. We were just ready to sit down to our tea when Sylvanus Marcus came to get some oats and teaed with us. History repeats itself. Sylvanus Marcus came for seed oats last year.

SUNDAY, MAY 6

The day has been a day of brilliant sunlight, but the air has had a remembrance of winter in it. The White School House was crowded. The preacher stepped down from the teacher's platform as he delivered a sermon from the words found in Job 23-3, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." It was an attentive congregation and when he had finished and the service was over, they went out very quietly. After everyone was stowed into a place

there were no external distractions worth mentioning. Two little girls played a little and two little dogs trotted across the floor, but no one was disturbed at all. After we came from the meeting, Mother and I sat in the parlor by a good fire and cracked butternuts, spicing the enjoyment of the nuts with salt and pleasant talk.

Nut cracking always brings to mind school days at Mrs. Willard's. Sometimes sweet Mary Young and myself would—without permission—lay aside dull lessons and take to the woods or the fruit of the woods. Mary being the happy possessor of a nut jack and a bag of hickory nuts.

MONDAY, MAY 7

A day set apart to go to town. A nice ride in the warm spring sunlight, which just flooded the earth with “fluid gold.” Called at the house to say to Sylvanus Marcus he could have the seed oats which he desired. Spent a pleasant evening at Aunt Harriet's. They always make me so welcome in so many little acts and not in so many words only. There is such a difference in the welcomes which people give you. There is at Aunt Harriet's a Mr. Peters who has a hearty laugh and is very pleasant.

TUESDAY, MAY 8

A happy morning. Mr. Peters, Hebe and poor me (“poor child,” was Aunt Mary's affectionate appellation); well, we three sat on the porch, which is canopied by the branches of a big, old apple tree, breathed the bloom of the apple blossoms and said nothings in the prettiest way possible, with nothing to do for the time being but to look at the blue sky through the latticed bloom. A blue-sky day it has been, all day to the end of it.

Going round to Clara's in the morning I saw in a corner of a grown-wild yard just such a mass of violet bloom as

I had meant should now be blossoming at Cold Spring Cottage, but alas, the frost! Also a big bunch of Rosemary—"That's for remembrance"—growing by the door-step of a house in which I was once interested. Yes, I remember, but not to regret.

Wonder if the very little lawn, where a little sprinkle of a fountain continually tosses up a ball, ever brings to Jan's mind the green fields lying round a low, brown farmhouse? Jan brought round to me "Notes on Coffee," which I had asked for. Among the things which I have not is an encyclopedia. So Jan is my library of reference.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9

At Vic's. There have been but two changes in Vic's home since I first knew her. The sitting room has a brighter paper on the walls than it used to have, and the piano has been moved from the back parlor into the sitting-room. She was expecting me and is always so kind it is a pleasure to be with her. After tea we walked over to a friend's to borrow "The Marble Faun," two volumes for me to read while I am with her. Today, after cutting a short "coat," I have been reading when Vic was busy.

THURSDAY, MAY 10

The minister lives next door. Vic found out there was to be a couple married and we were permitted to go to the wedding. The bride was sweet looking, having a noticeable pretty mouth. The bridegroom was large and very bashful. He wore purple gloves and a blue necktie. Maybe she will teach him by and by something about harmony of color. After the ceremony began he discovered that he was being married on the wrong side. So they had a little extra chasséing in the ceremony. The bride's father and mother were with her, but only the min-

ister greeted them. Perhaps we being strangers spoiled the spontaneous joy of the occasion. But they were married; that was what they had sought at the minister's house and they went away with his blessing.

FRIDAY, MAY 11

Walking from Vic's to Aunt Harriet's, the violets by the brookside made one think of the blue coats of the soldiers, that it was Jan's favorite color, that it was the color I love in the sky and, yes, in Jan's eyes, and so I loitered by the way gathering a handful of the blessed blue-eyed beauties. Went to the milliner's for my bonnet. It is the funniest little thing I ever saw. Don't like it; I'll make it over some day.

As I passed through the parlor this evening I saw my handful of violets lying on the table all faded. It 'most brought tears into my own blue eyes. How often we take pains to gather the things that fade in the hand.

SATURDAY, MAY 12

However agreeable, the happiest part of my every visit is the home coming. The five miles through the lonesome valley was delightful to me this morning. At dinner everything was as shining as for a guest. This simile of love occurred to me as I sipped my coffee. It struck me as being an original thought, or, as Jan says, unique.

Coffee, taken clear, when partially cooled, has given a part of its delectable aroma to the air and leaves a slight sharpness—a little bitter taste in the mouth, still possessing all its strength. Is it not true of love? When taken clear, allowing it to cool in the least, the volatile essence escapes, refining the atmosphere, is a little bitter to the taste yet possessing all its strength.

Mother laughed when I told her that my seat-mate in the Red Chariot was an old man eating a lunch of crackers. Lucky for me that I'm not veneered. I never did like veneered things.

Found waiting a letter from my beautiful "Alex" of St. Louis and my Canadian sweetheart, Mary G—, also "The Guide to Flower and Kitchen Garden," which had been ordered.

After supper took a walk in the meadow by the brook-side for a bunch of blue violets for Sunday.

SUNDAY, MAY 13

The air is very chilly. A dark sky threatening storm and before night the storm came which the sky had promised from the beginning of the day. The weather-wise farmer folks, who know fair nature's moods and tenses very well, say that after such a storm it will be warmer. The hailstones which the clouds showered down this afternoon were as big as marrowfat peas.

Mother tells a story of a Spaniard who, when eating cherries, put on his glasses to make the cherries look larger. Magnify your blessings! Following the excellent example of the Spaniard, the bouquet which I gathered last night has been under the magnifying glass today and we have been charmed by the exquisite beauty of a small white flower (*Mitella Diphylla*). Yet it is only a spike of common mitrewort.

MONDAY, MAY 14

Hoeing in my garden, have been in real earnest. It's late enough to begin in earnest. The sweet peas are in the ground. The scarlet beans planted, eyes down, according to the book. And now the story of the boy and the "Bean Vine" will be a new story. It will be the girl and her "Bean Vine." It is a very cold spring. Every night there

is a little frost. The weeds don't seem to mind the cold and the grass, how it grows. Why are the lovely things so delicate?

Studying in my "Guide," I have discovered a mine of wants. Not a very profitable discovery! Yet it is something to be rich in wants, not being satisfied in possessing a few things, and asking nothing of heaven or earth.

Maybe some prayers bring no answer because nothing is asked.

TUESDAY, MAY 15

I here record a labor of love accomplished. Have reset my bed of wild violets and transplanted some ferns. The discovery made concerning the length of fern roots recompensed me for the digging. They are like, most like, an elongated pineapple. Quite deep roots to my surprise. I am learning some things by getting at the root of things.

My sweet old Mother made a three-mile walk today to see about some stock. She is a famous walker, so young and bright although sixty this very summer. Thank God, she is not old. As we talked over our home matters tonight, I thought there is no language under heaven so musical and sweet to the ear as the language of home. It is the voice that makes it a distinct language.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16

First the weather. A dampness, a sourness, a rainy drizzle. I wonder why one always thinks of the weather the first thing in recording the events of a day. Grandfather always did so, but to do so simply because he did is too much like carrying the stone in the end of the bag to balance the grist. Is not this the reason? The life of the day is influenced by the weather. Dark days make dull living. Sunshine makes living a delight. The farmer does

not plow the land in the rain nor sow the grain when the wind blows. He has learned respect for Nature's moods.

Mr. George came to sign the writing, leasing the East lot. Then Mother and I put on our shawls and bonnets and went over to Eleanor's to dinner. The coffee was lovely. In stormy days the fire on the hearth has great drawing power and being drawn by the fire we burn our faces and freeze our backs. It was the same in the days of our ancestors. Still a fire on the hearth in an old farmhouse is something to enjoy and to remember with joy.

I'd like to try my cinnamon fire some day to know if it was really fragrant in burning. Jan says the cedar they found in Tennessee made a very sweet, fragrant fire. The school ma'am is here tonight, which is one of the events of note in country life.

THURSDAY, MAY 17

It seemed a'most a forenoon this morning before the school ma'am started for school. I sewed a little while and then went into my garden a little while. I 'spect everything I touched will grow an inch at least before I go out to look at them again. It is wonderful how the hardy things grow in the cold which shuts us indoors. Eleanor has been home this afternoon and the days are very happy. These words fell from my lips among the violets when I was gathering a bunch. Bryant writes in this way of life's hard times and life's good times:

"The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.
There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with morning light."

The same thought is found in the Bible, only expressed in fewer words: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Ps. 30-5). It is certainly shorter to remember. How often one goes to the poet for comfort when they should go to the Bible.

FRIDAY, MAY 18

A long forenoon, with a steel blue atmosphere, very depressing. After dinner a walk by the brook, picked violets and Bath-blows, put them in Mother's old vase and set them on the piano. Took a nap, dressed, after tea went over to Eleanor's. She is passionately fond of flowers and is greatly interested in my gardening. She has the touch of a magician; whatever she touches grows. She gave me today some self-sown plants, larkspur and bachelor-button. I am so glad they have come up. It is so hard to wait for them to come to life after I bury the seeds. I am getting to be quite expert in transplanting; even delicate plants seem to go right on growing, suffering very little by the change. A garden teaches patience. I am learning to wait. I thought there was nothing to add up in today, but when it is all told it makes a pretty little sum. It is a good habit to count one's mercies and to set up memorial stones to mark one's happy days.

SATURDAY, MAY 19

The meadow is blue with wild violets. It is a beautiful sight. I cannot paint. This is what I can do to preserve them from oblivion. I will write of them. Their sweetness and beauty have not been wasted on the desert air this Maytime, for I have loved every one of them since the first blue eye smiled back from the earth to the sky.

THE BORDER LAND OF SPRING

"All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border."—SCOTT.

Between the winter and the summer is a border land. It does not belong to the snow and the grass doth not own it. For many days the forces of nature wage war over this strip of seemingly waste moor, possessed by neither winter nor summer, yet bordering on both. The wind howls; it is the sounding of trumpets. The hail descends; it is the rattle of musketry firing. The snow fills the air, thick as the smoke of battle, and when the sun pierces the smoke there is seen the flashing of lances. All the while this conflict rages the grass is gaining ground, the rain is nourishing the roots and the sun is busy painting each spear with the colors of summer.

Finally the trumpets cease their sounding, the clouds of battle clear away and the sun shines on the grass in quiet possession of the disputed territory. With the new reign comes a new order of things. White butterflies sail over fresh-greened meadow lands, summoning from sleep the blue-bonneted violets of spring. When the sky color of their blue bonnets glows in the meadows, along the highways and in the hedges, it is Nature's Easter. At this time there is a holy convocation of their blue bonnets and clinging green gowns in every nook and corner of the green earth. Sometimes in their way cross fields they tread on graves. The blue hoods of the meadow violets are often seen bowing over grass-grown graves, and if ever the dead smile in their sleep it must be when the blue bonnets step on their graves, for they come from the land of the dead with a message to the living.

"We were buried, but at His word we have waked to life again" is the joyful truth that they herald as they cross the border. Come out into the great meadows, beyond the town, to meet the blue bonnets. Bow down to

greet them. Tenderly take them by the hand. Love them and kiss them, it will do your heart good. Be glad in their beauty. They have a message for all. Bend the knee to receive their blessing. Their life is a mission of love; their breath a wine of fragrance for the health of the soul. Drink ye of it; so shall life be sweeter for their crossing from thence to us, over the border.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

A day with none of tomorrow's cares or yesterday's regrets. A day of sunshine and that means so much to us at the cottage. Yet—with all the light and song about me I walked into a shadow land. As I listened to the birds singing a morning service of song and felt the warm sunlight (for I will sit in the sunshine when I can), I became conscious, almost to sickness, that the life I am living in these days is in a minor key. It makes sad music, with a wail and shiver of willow leaves. I never loved sad music; why should my life strike those notes? I saw today what the prophet Elijah desired to see, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand come up from behind the hills, cover the sky with darkness, "and there was a great rain." (1-K., 18:45.)

It was a fierce shower, with thunder and lightning and there were "fountains in the midst of the valleys" where there were none before.

MONDAY, MAY 21

Seized by an idea and nearly carried away by it; putting it in execution, I've been as busy as a gunner in a battle. Just at night sang a half hour for Jan's sake; sang "Thou Art so Near and yet so Far." Possibly I will not be able to render it any more satisfactorily than I did "Bonny Doon" when I tried my best. Any way, all that

one can do for one's friends is to give one's best. "I can try" ought to rank with "I thank you" in household speech. No sweet courtesy at home is ever lost, but like the good, which the Arab proverb bids us "Throw in the sea. If the fishes do not see it, God will."

"And night and sleep in the night."

Last night I slept so sweetly that on waking I was in a daze to find it morning. It seemed as if I had but just laid down to sleep. Will it be so with the dead when they wake?

TUESDAY, MAY 22

Busy all day in a womanly way. To make and to mend, to patch and to darn, the garments that one has to go on making and mending, patching and darning. How weary it all is, yet how very womanly! To do the homely duties with womanliness is to glorify the homeliness of the work. To be sweetly womanly in all my life! Such life be mine. A woman reaching the heights of perfect womanliness, herself "a verie glory to womanhood," might well be dizzy, looking down from such a height, but such an one never falls from giddiness for she looks not down, but up, for beyond is a step higher, from womanhood to angelhood.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23

It is always pleasant to record a victory. The idea which seized me and nearly carried me away the other morning proves a success. Took my embroidery, just to be busily idle, over to Eleanor's to enjoy her fire on the hearth and work a sprig or two. No fire in the house can be compared to the fire on the hearth, toward which in chill days we instinctively turn our faces and our feet. Fire, how it purifies! So, as by fire, shall all work be

tried. Whose work shall abide the trial? The dross burned away, the gold refined, but these are not the thoughts I thought as I looked in the fire this afternoon. If I believed in transmigration of souls, I should certainly believe myself some old fire-worshipper, I do so love fire.

THURSDAY, MAY 24

The battles of life are many; the routs are, alas, many; the decided victories many or few, as we are able with His help to overcome the enemy. Met a foe, face to face, and conquered; need I write more of today? I'm not the Mother of Sisera, why should I linger at the lattice? Sang a little while in the twilight. It is Victoria of England's birthday. I wonder if John and Mary will remember me as well as her Royal Majesty today. Transplanted the Phlox (which Frisket inadvertently tipped over and which I carefully reset in the box) to the posie bed under the east window of Mother's room. Now, when I read my Bible, I'm going to bed and to sleep.

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Brought up from the meadow some moss to fill a wire basket which is to hang in the east window of Mother's room. Put some morning glory seed in the earth. So impatient am I when I cover the seeds, I wish they would all grow like Jonah's gourd. Brought up some ferns from the meadow, trimmed the sweet brier, sewed some stock-gilly seed, finished a piece of embroidery, practised my music and I write in these few lines what it has taken all day to do.

The afternoon has been showery, just like April. We are having a spring without lilac blossoms. Eleanor says some seeds are better out of the ground than in till we are sure it's settled weather. But how are we to be sure?

Only day before yesterday morning there was a white frost. Some things were bitten again. I tried not to think about it. Blessed be the patch of earth that shall teach me to be patient. With all the happiness that falls as still as snowflakes into my life, very often "the days turn sour with all the honey on my lips." That's Swinburne. I'm glad for his help in expressing my thoughts in these days.

SATURDAY, MAY 26

Mother received a letter from Mr. Dudley Dobson, in which he says he will surely come to see us before he goes to Montana. The letter has cheered Mother. I hope he will come.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

"When the wind down the river is fair." The wind was just right this morning, so we heard the church bells ring over in town. Some way as the strokes beat the air they made me very homesick. I guess I'll get over it; sometimes people do die of homesickness, but not often. A shower and a rainbow! I am always happier after reading that promise in the sky. God says when he looks at it he will remember, and when I look at it I remember His promise and I think of what God is thinking, His promise. What if the spring is late, there will be harvest, for it is promised. I'm glad the rainbow was hung up in the sky on a Sunday when there was no service in the White School House. There was no preaching today on account of a funeral at the next village. Did I say no service? There was an early liturgical service. The birds sang the commandments and reverently I made the responses. "Lord, write all these thy laws in my heart."

MONDAY, MAY 28

Have been to town with Mr. Obee. He came over this morning to see if I wanted to go and I said right off that I did want to go. It rained fearfully. Mr. Obee said he thought the valley folks who saw us going would think all the family were sick, the cat, too, to make it necessary to go to town in such a rain. It is a custom in the valley to look out at every team that passes and the horses are as well known as the drivers.

When my errands were done I had to wait a bit, which I did not mind. In quiet one gets strength to go on. I wonder how people live who do not have a small, consecrated closet which they can enter, shutting out work and worry, fold their hands and give thanks for quiet in which to talk alone with God. Living in a heap without such a refuge, also begets commonness. And delicacy in life is like the down on the peach—once it is rubbed off no art can restore it.

TUESDAY, MAY 29

Eleanor was home this afternoon and took a cup of tea with us. Have been busy putting my room in the most perfect order for a guest room in case Mr. Dudley Dobson does come home, as he said he would. It looks very sweet to me. I do not know how it looks to other folks. The walls are low; I lift my arm up and touch the ceiling. The walls are white, the floor is white, the bed is all in beautiful white; the handsome spread would make any bed look like a royal couch. The window (west) is curtained with white mull. There are only three bits of color in the room—the rug before the bed, the table cover and a red bookcase against the wall. Mrs. Whitney expressed herself delighted with the room, but she came with the mind to be pleased with everything, for it was the mother

and sister of her friend Alice that she was visiting. Perhaps Mr. Dudley D— will be pleased for the same reason, for was not Alice his Alice? When twilight came down to shut away the day forever from our sight, I sang a little while and the day ended with a song.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30

Began the pretty embroidery which I am to do for Mrs. John Smith. Took my work over to Eleanor's to work by her fire on the hearth. A stove is poor company. Mr. Obee brought the expected letter from the Post Office and it is a disappointment. I am not going to see a coffee tree grow. It reads:

WASHINGTON, May 26, 186—.

DEAR MADAM:

I sent to the Agricultural Department for the seeds you requested and will enclose Mr. Newton's reply, so you will see it is impossible to gratify your wish. A friend, however, gave me some lettuce and brocoli, which I will enclose.

Very respectfully yours,

HAMILTON WARD.

(Enclosed letter)

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 186—.

HON. HAMILTON WARD, M. C.,

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the 22nd inst., I have to say that the Department have not had for distribution any of the pure Java coffee seed and that our supply of lettuce seed is entirely exhausted, not a paper of the same being left in the establishment.

Very respectfully yours,

ISAAC NEWTON, *Commissioner.*

Well, I shall see a coffee tree growing and blossoming some time. I don't know where, but all things come to him who waits. My garden teaches me to wait.

Second Cousin Sarah has come to make a long-promised visit. Although a relative she is a stranger. So it is she and not Mr. D. D. who is to occupy the White Room. Every new presence, every new voice helps to fill the want of society. I hope my room will give her pleasure as she occupies it. And—tomorrow is Summer.

SOLOMON'S SEAL

"King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and wisdom." His throne was "A great throne of ivory overlaid with the best gold. All King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of King Solomon. The king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones."

But there came a day of fear and great confusion in the king's palace. The great seal was lost from the signet ring of the king. The seal could make alive or make dead; it could bring joy out of mourning and turn light into darkness. The king's hand wearing the seal could ease of pain and cure of disease. Was it a shadow of the kingdom's passing from his hands? "For the Lord was angry with King Solomon because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel."

Because of the magical virtues of the gem which had so mysteriously been lost, no diviner could tell whither it had vanished, whether from the earth or in the earth. Couriers were sent in haste throughout the kingdom, crying the king's loss, adding by the king's command, "Whoever seeketh to find the king's seal shall be made happy."

Then all men everywhere began to dig and to seek. It might be found in the depths of the earth, or the sea, in the Temple ashes, or built into the nest of a bird in a Lebanon cedar. "Whosoever seeketh to find the king's seal shall be made happy." The king's word was sure and men sought diligently to find the royal gem, for the reward was great.

The fields were furrowed and harrowed; floats were constructed and sent into far-off seas; the mountains were bored and the lakes were dragged. The fields returned golden grains; the floats brought back precious woods; the mountains gave goodly stones and the fishermen of the lakes brake their nets many times with a marvellous draught of fishes.

Every one who went seeking to restore the king's jewel obtained the fulfillment of the king's promise, which was to them as goodly pearls. Some sick folks found health; some discontented ones found content; some who were poor became rich. There was discovered by the seekers for the seal a wonderful magic in employed hearts and hands and they were made happy.

Wise was King Solomon above all men. His loss was his people's gain. In seeking his happiness they found their own, but no man returned from seeking with the curiously graven seal of the Kingdom.

In the seventeenth century after Christ the lost seal was found by a Frenchman, while walking in the woods one day in early summer. He was a man whose heart was in tune with the royal monarch's, who in his lifetime spake of "trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

His life was given to the study of plants, their ways, their folk lore and their songs. This day in early summer

he heard a small chime of bells that attracted him, that spell-bound him. The bells were peculiarly set on a slender curving stem and every time the wind softly blew, they rang. This is their song:

SOLOMON'S SEAL

My merry peal
Of bells reveal
Where lies the seal,
The royal seal,
The seal King Solomon lost one day.

I've rung my chimes
Ten thousand times,
And told the tale
To summer's gale,
Here lies the seal,
The sacred seal,
The seal King Solomon lost one day.

Pale lilies grow
Where buried low
The roots reveal
The flower stalks seal,
The sacred seal,
The graven seal,
The seal King Solomon lost one day.

Tournefort, the botanist, carefully lifted the root and transferred to his botanist's box a tender, graceful plant of the lily family, and he was as happy as a man finding treasure. The king's word was still good after all the ages.

The common name comes from its curiously marked root. When you see again the little plant whose flower stalk bears its root with a seal, you will think of the losing and the finding of King Solomon's seal.

JUNE DAYS

THE MOCCASIN FLOWER—COMPANY—FIRST COMMUNION—
SHOWERS AND RAINBOWS—MOTHER'S ROOM—A WALK—
FIRST ROSEBUD—BEAUTIFUL VIEW—RED BEANS—MY
PARK—GLEANING—ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH—JUNE BOU-
QUET—WHITE DAISIES AND WHITE CLOVER—BLACKBERRY
BLOSSOMS—A DREAM—THE BROOK—THE ELECT

JUNE

The strawberries, whose leaves between
The pearls in ducal crowns are seen,
Are meadow-flavored, grown half wild,
Like those I gathered when a child.

STORY OF THE MOCCASIN FLOWER

THE white-haired Winter said to Spring as she started Earthward with her treasures of bloom: "It's cold on the Earth yet, the grass is only beginning to spring up on the sunniest slopes; you had better wear your yellow moccasins." And gentle Spring did as she was bid by white-haired Winter and wore on her feet the royal colored slippers of her Eastern sisters as she walked across the fast-greening fields of the North. It was easy to track her goings in the land, for she showered her blessings of brightness with a royal hand. The birds and the children hung on her steps as naturally as foam follows in the wake of a boat. Her smile warmed to life many desolate places and made the earth give back a smile. Smile for smile, that's the universal law.

One day, when the days were growing long and warm and as full of brightness as a tulip flower is of color, Spring loitered on a hillside, happy in being a blessing to all the world. She heard voices like the pattering of rain on the cottage roof and footsteps; so many that it seemed as if the Pied Piper of Hamelin had been playing on his magic pipe again and they were all so happy—yes, she heard them say it—because Spring had come again and wherever she came she made the earth so glad.

Then Spring thought quickly. "My anemones and spring beauties and May-flowers and wake robins are all gone; it's almost time for Summer blossoms. I wish I had a gift specially mine for the young folks who love me so." Then her eye fell on her yellow moccasins. Its maroon fastening was undone and quick as a falling star it dropped into marshy place and was instantly changed into a flower of her Southland, an orchid. There it shone a golden glory in a lonesome, marshy place.

The eyes of those who had been lured into the fields were looking for blossoms and one a little taller than the rest discovered it and called out: "The Princess went this way; she lost her slipper in this bog and I've found it." Big and little crowded together and admired the dainty yellow satin thing with its maroon fastenings that she had worn and counted the finder very fortunate.

Spring hurried on to meet and give her kiss of welcome to Summer. The young folks went their way home and the little slipper was carefully preserved as a memento of a happy day out of doors.

Then Spring thought: "I'm glad I was wise enough to take white-haired Winter's advice and wear my yellow moccasins and it was very sweet of Mother Nature to turn my slipper into an orchid flower." For a moment she held the odd one by its maroon lacings and then tossed it after the other one saying, "Oh, Mother Nature, make of this

also an orchid flower." And ever since, when it comes her turn to come again in the year's round, she sees the young folks hunting her slipper in the fields.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 186—

Luxuriating in the idleness of a magazine love story when Mrs. Willson, Mrs. Warden and George came to spend the day. The loss of her daughter showed so plainly in Mrs. Warden's face it made me desolate, but she had come to us and we must cheer her if we could. I let the piano remain closed, though it makes me feel as if some one were dead, for I thought if it were opened Mrs. Warden's first thought would be of Julia and her music. It was a lovely dinner and beautiful visit after all. We were deeply engaged in conversing of men and things—these ladies being acquainted in the world outside—when I caught sight of the Red Chariot rolling by. A waving sunbonnet caused a halt. I made a quick ready and was soon rolling along the valley road in the Red Chariot, but still thinking of the pleasant friends in the cottage parlor that I had been obliged to leave.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

This morning brought the wool for my breakfast cape scarlet of course, the very color of my scarlet geranium. I've wanted it so long. Then I went round to see Mrs. Stanley R.'s baby. God keep thee, little one, my heart said as I saw the small white nugget hugged in her mother's arms. Also a queer thing happened. A certain man said a certain work should cancel a certain debt, but today he ignored having promised any such thing. He only *said* it; he did not *write* it. Very well; I owe that

man nothing tonight but a little grudge. Now, life is short and it does not pay to nurse grudges.

Preparatory Lecture this afternoon. There were six men and a roomful of women, but certainly more men are going to heaven than that. I reckon it's harder being a Christian in business hours than in hours of church service.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

My first Communion. God grant me two more days as purely white as this—my wedding day and the day of my death. The morning was rainy and we rode to church. In the dear old church, dear to me by many sacred associations, I received baptism. Kneeling, I prayed "God take me, and grant this prayer which the pastor prays for me, whiteness of soul."

After church *the Mrs. M*—, the pastor's wife, came to me and said she wished me to take charge of her class today and to come to the Manse to dine with them. Dear Mrs. M—, how very sweet your kindness seems to me.

MONDAY, JUNE 4

The world seemed a new creation as I looked into the morning and saw the bright sunlight, like a hand of blessing over all the world. After breakfast, eight o'clock, came morning prayers. One happy morning long ago I drifted into the pastor's home just in time for prayers. How blessed are words of prayer in the morning, for as the key is taken, the song is sung. I sat on the lower stair in the hall and Mrs. M— brought a chair and sat beside me and we visited. Later I went round to Clara's to borrow her Tasso for reading. Blessed are the books that bear reading and then reading over again. Called at Nell's for a little lover's visit. I have rechristened her

Apple Blossom, she is such a dainty little creature. Of course I accumulated something for my garden. This time roots of rosemary (so-called); gave some to Mrs. M—.

In the afternoon Mrs. M— looked up in Natural History the Bobolink. So I was right. Ah, I knew the fellow's song! Have learned to use encyclopedias where I find them and learned a little more about coffee. We know about wheat; why shouldn't we know something about coffee?

Showers in the afternoon prevented my teaing with Mrs. Willson as she had wished me to do when I left her at the cottage Friday afternoon. Attended the monthly concert of prayer for Missions. So another happy day has passed which will never greet our eyes here again, but we shall see it in eternity.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5

A morning chill, with early showers. In anticipation of my ride, I did not enjoy the patter of the rain as I heard it when I wakened, but it's never wise to cross a bridge before it is reached. It did not rain, but a mist filled the air, hiding the brightness of the sun, which was shining somewhere, for the morning was warm. I never enjoyed a ride more; settled a little bill with the driver. I was so glad to get home again. I've done nothing but be glad all day. Put out my rosemary. Found the ferns and mignonette and peas and beans had grown wonderfully. Things are just shooting ahead now and it's interesting to watch the strides they make every day. They grow like the story of the bean. Late in the afternoon there was a rainbow. An old rhyme says:

A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

Something new in my garden. Weeds! Now the weeding begins. No weed allowed with my flowers. Received passion flower seeds from Boston. Mother read aloud for awhile this afternoon from "Kitty Trevelyan's Diary," one of the books which Mrs. M— kindly loaned me. How happy it seemed, sitting in Mother's large, low room listening to her as she read. We settle down very quickly into the regular routine, yet every coming home reveals some new charm about the cottage. Singing a song as I worked among my flowers I discovered a beautiful echo. If I had not sung as I worked the echo would have kept still.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7

Always after going up, one has to go down hill. It's down today; very tame everything seems. Transplanted some self-sown petunias. They were out of place and so were weeds. In place they will be beautiful flowers. Crocheted till I was tired, then went over to Eleanor's to look in the fire which still burns on the hearth. Divided my passion flower seeds with Sarah and Eleanor. The only incident in today which occurs to me as worthy of note, beside breakfast, dinner and supper, has been the feeding the chickens, spreading their Indian meal breakfast on a large, flat stone by the kitchen door. After they were fed they began to scratch in my posie-bed. Nice return for food and care. They are very pretty if they were seemingly a little ungrateful.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8

A walk down the valley, taking Sarah out to see the burgh. Called at Mrs. John Jacob's. She invited us into her parlor. One thing is certain, the parlor will be all the

pleasanter for the next caller for the sweet outdoor breeze that played hide and seek in it while we stayed. All the neighbors are kindly interested in my efforts to have a flower garden and give me "slips." Mrs. John gave me two rose slips, a scarlet geranium and a fuchsia. I was very rich when they were all in place.

Every once in a while it comes over me, what "a little hindering thing" I am in this world. There doesn't seem to be any real helpfulness in me. Dear Lord, give me plentifully of Thy wisdom. Care is worse than years to wear the bloom of youth from life and I so love bloom. Care is as sure as age, I've learned that. Dear Lord, help me to keep the bloom.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

Mr. Obee brought a letter from the office and found me dutifully engaged in washing, reversing the week, for Mary is at home from school on Saturday. Mrs. Whitney's charming letter made the morning delightful and I forgot in happy thoughts all about the homeliness of my occupation. I always rather liked to wash. I like the tubs and pail, clean and nice to handle, and the suds foams so white and pretty. Alice always liked to wash and she loved the stars and taught astronomy and she had, oh, such pretty hands! Once a blind man *saw* her hands and said: "Lady, if your face is as beautiful as your hand it must be like the face of an angel." But then neither Alice nor I ever knew enough about a big, hard washing to have sympathy. Sympathy comes from experience. Mrs. Whitney's letter contained a photograph of her house. It brought very vividly to mind the many happy days spent there. Have finished my shawl. It pleases me, I have wanted it so long. Visitors today. It's nice to have the neighbors come to visit. Have done some good work in

the kitchen garden, putting out cabbages, tomatoes and peppers from Mr. Obee's hot-bed. The work was only just finished when the rain, which had been foreshadowing its coming, came down in a right sharp shower. Such deep thunder, such sharp lightning, is almost frightening to nervous folk. When the shower passed, the clouds were wondrously beautiful; overhead they were very black, and soft, pink clouds floated round and strove to dissipate the blackness. It made one think of the glory of the Gospel, dispelling the terrors of the law.

With summer sunsets making everything Arcadian, the valley is very beautiful and I love to watch the mile of road.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10

Sunday morning incidents: Mother wore at breakfast the first rosebud that has become almost a rose. I picked it for her. While we were at breakfast a little red squirrel on a voyage of discovery frisked by on the window sill, looked at Mother, and was gone. I just caught sight of the explorer as he frisked himself away. What mean these days? I do not know. Flower is fruit, fruit is seed, these days may mean much. I only know like produces like.

MONDAY, JUNE 11

Such a busy day cultivating my garden. Doubtless if I had a teasing brother he would say my garden was well made for a girl. I know the garden beds are well made. I am trying to follow the Master's commands, and this is one: "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." Watched the wind wave through the tall meadow grass and strand on the shore of the plowed land. That was all, but seeing such a high tide in such a sea is enough to make one wish to live always, while one lives, in the

country, at least to be buried there. Chosen text for the day: "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." John 15-10.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12

Alas, I began the morning wrong! Not abiding in his love. The old hen with her brood of chickens thought the ground cultivated yesterday a nice soft place to scratch for grubs. Coaxing them off with a stone, I hit a little chicken and then I loved it, but the morning was spoiled by the act of impatience. Tried to play a Fuge by Bach and wished I could go on with my music. It cannot be. To eat bread without butter were nothing if I only could. Another fragment of beauty: Mother and Sarah reading in the parlor, the cottage all open, the sun shining in the west windows and the wind wandering through it at will. How strangely certain things fix themselves in the mind, never to be effaced. Very rich is that one whose memory is a gallery of beautiful pictures.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13

The days are so like each other here that to tell which is which it is really necessary to mark them with Red Letters and white stones. So I mark the Red Letter and set up the stone. It is true of all life, in a measure; we think of the days of a year that has just swept past, as if no joy had fallen in the days. So the land looks, when the sun is hidden, as if no light had flecked it a moment ago, through bars and shutters of cloud. Have been delighting myself for several evenings watching the evening star.

I forgot, womanlike, to note last night a little occupation of the afternoon. It was making a book mark in Ger-

man text, "Auf Wiedersehn." The letters were formed in the delicate moss that covers the stones in the spring from which we drink. I am housekeeper. Mother has gone to the Flatts. I moulded the bread and it is baked lovely; made a funny pair of gardening gloves. A most beautiful morning, the lights and shadows in my Meadow Park were exquisite. While at breakfast there came up a thunder shower. It has been blessedly warm today. It seemed as if it would never come, but it *is* summer. While I've been wishing it has been coming.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14

The things of the divine life are symbolized to us in the life that now is, by things that we understand. I've been thinking how pleasant it is to do for Mother, to make her home-coming happy. How much better to do the things of God that at the coming of Christ He may say, "Well done."

The west window in the parlor commands a beautiful view. I love to watch from this window the mile of main road which is in sight, seeing all there is to see, the hill-side farms on either side, the valley, the blacksmith-shop on the roadside and the sky touching the hilltops shutting our valley in from the rest of the world. Passion flower seed not up yet; sowed them a week ago.

One thing in the coming up of the seed put in the ground has interested us all. The beans planted with the eyes down are up high enough to need leading strings to climb on, while those with the eyes up are hardly above the ground.

Success, a cream cake without fault! It's an odd thing how many folks really seem to like a farmhouse cream cake.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15

Rose just after five. The sun came in the north window of the parlor, just touching with rosy fingers the books in the corner bookcase, just as it used, long ago, to come in my room at school and call me up. I got up that summer by the sun-clock on the wall. But of all that happened in today the best thing is Mother's coming home. She is not well and I've been airing all my tenderness to make her well again. Housekeeping care is happy, but I must confess my piano is closed and my books. I must have more system so I can do still more and be happier.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16

Rose early. It must be my good angel that whispers, "Come, waken and hear the birds sing; rise and see the sunshine," and the good Father who strengthens my will to answer the call. Mother is quite well again and seemed so pleased with the work which I had done for her that I was very happy. One day in the winter that is past, when the air seemed very clear and pure, I thought what a wonderful thing it was to breathe. I thought of the wide atmosphere as a great cup which the Lord held in his hand and every time we breathed we drank life from the hand of the Lord. It seemed then a very holy thing to breathe, that it brought us so near to God. The purer one's health, the more happiness experienced in the simple act of breathing. Proper exercise conduces to health and they are eminently happiest who work wisely.

There was a little tempest of rain today.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17

A rainy morning; so far, June has been a month of showers. As I have watched the driving storms of rain

and hail, it seemed as if a mad god stood at the entering in of the valley and blew the storms up and along and through the valley with a breath of wrath.

Is it true the rule which Mrs. M— read to me a fortnight ago? Everything that draws you *to* Christ is keeping the Sabbath. Everything that draws you *from* Christ is breaking the Sabbath.

I never tire looking into the Meadow Park before the house. There are elms and willows and the brook and the rise of ground where grow numberless wood things. Watched the day winds rock themselves to sleep in the tops of the elm trees. Such a nice rock-a-by cradle for the winds.

I am convinced that the prospect from the house has a great deal to do with the happiness of home.

My chosen text for today—Lev. 19-9: “And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field; thou shalt leave them for those who have no fields to reap.” And they who gathered of this grain were gleaners. So I mean, in every day, to be a gleaner of the corners of the fields of goodness and beauty which God has left for those to glean who will.

MONDAY, JUNE 18

If I had more arithmetic and logic I'd write a better record of these days. Jan says I lack logic. Arithmetic I can see is useful, but is the “art of reasoning” necessary to a woman's life? I've heard Mr. Dudley Dobson say that Alice would get at the conclusion of the whole matter by her woman's instinct while he would be setting up his reasoning ladder.

Water lilies grow in still, dark water, so, O Lord, may my soul grow as white as the lilies (logic left out).

Have finished setting in order the different lots in my garden. A shower today and the brightest rainbow I ever saw. The brightest in this year of rainbows.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19

Such a dull, sad morning. It makes me lonesome to remember it. Maybe it was the June morning with a November face and tearful smile. Maybe my head was dull because my heart was heavy. Was it the atmosphere? The ill was not beyond the cure of our nice coffee. Then King Richard was himself again. I brightened the silver. I like things to shine. If you haven't much, double the care and make the most of what you have.

Dressed with care, played "Toi" and "Thou Art so Near," and am ready for dreamland at ten.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20

Mother took a long walk to a neighbor's to spend the afternoon and to borrow the use of her swifts to double some yarn; but Mother seems young, her hair is so bonny brown and all her face so kind.

Have been busy today in antiquarian research, in a mound of Babylonian brick. A thousand years ago, *i. e.*, a long time ago, there was in the farmhouse kitchen a big brick chimney. The shape of the opening in the roof, now covered with sheet iron, also attests the fact of a big chimney having once been there. The size and shape and color of the bricks in the mound which engaged my attention today agree with the size and shape and color of the bricks remaining in the hearth. It is a question with no visible facts to help the solution, what has become of the major part of the bricks which formed that chimney? The bricks which I laid in a border round a flower bed being all that remain. They look all right in their new

position, and an ugly little heap is cleaned from the green grass which is everywhere about the house.

I have worked and mended and idled and dreamed and looked at the moon and had a very happy day. I have reason to be thankful that it has been happy, for as early as before breakfast an impatient word crossed the threshold of my lips.

Will I never be able to rule myself? "And he that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." At last, after long waiting, bouquet time has come. Eleanor sent over by the hand of Second Cousin Sarah a bouquet of wild honeysuckles, violets, roses, rhubarb, daisies and sorrel. There is wonderful grace in the common things, though they are so common.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21

Finished one piece of work and began another. Such is life, busy with care, borrowed or sent, with work made or real. The days of life are filled with joy—"though joy is not, but love of joy shall be"—or hope of joy that is to come, to make all days blessed. Today it seems a bliss just to live.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22

Busy working 'mong my flowers and so happy. It is such a pleasure to succeed and my garden is a very little success. It is such a pleasure to watch the tender green things growing.

Last summer as I walked to the country post office I fell in love with the white clover which grew thriftily by the roadside. It was so sweet, so white and so lovely. I had before that fallen in love with the bobolink and I had

always loved daisies. For the love of these things I have written this little poem:

WHITE DAISIES AND WHITE CLOVER

Oh come into the fields today
And smell the grasses growing,
And watch the cloud-ships sail away,
And feel the soft wind blowing.

The meadows seem a milky way,
With star-bloom scattered over,
Refined from clay, to light the day,
White daisies and white clover.

The bobolink's nest in the grass
Has lost its brown-winged cover;
No startled whirring as we pass,
The brooding time is over.

The bobolink's witch minstrelsy,
A full spring gurgling over;
The meadow's matchless melody
No searching can recover.

But for the loss we've double gain,
Full fields of drifted sweetness,
White daisies and white clover reign
And give June days completeness.

I determined that I would have white clover growing about the house this summer. I hope it will grow in some time for me, for I have missed it in this summer.

The hops before my window are growing and climbing. Mr. Obee made the frame; soon they will shade the window nicely. It is interesting to note from day to day the speed with which the hop vine climbs, it is such a racing vine to grow.

My garden is divided into five lots. A lot being the speech of the country for a patch of ground, as, the pasture lot, the berry lot, the south lot, the swamp lot and so on. First, the east lot, a flower bed under the east window—the morning window in Mother's room, three lots facing south, the violets and brakes on the west. These keep me busy, watching, weeding and loving. It's marvelous how the weeds grow. They need no coaxing. My garden is my Patience Teacher.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24

Last night I dreamed a dream which was a pearl of a dream. This was the first thought on waking. "Prayer should be so constant in all the life that it should be the first thought on waking in the morning and song should close the day." God hath ere this taught many a soul in the hours of sleep. In a dream the Angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his Mother and flee into Egypt." And when he returned he was also "warned of God in a dream."

Meeting at the White School House at half-past seven. It was dusk ere the sermon was ended. The preacher stood in the gloom. The moonlight came in the south windows. It all seemed very weird. I fancied it might be something like a Camp Meeting.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26

For some reason, atmospheric maybe, the day has been terribly lonesome, but it has worn away and is past, as the rainbow fades into blue air and becomes a thing of memory.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28

Summer is here. The Gilberts have arrived at Eleanor's. The Red Chariot stopped before the two elms

and Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert and the children alighted. Mr. Obee hurried down the hill from the house to meet them and they all hurried up the hill to the house and the summer visit had begun. Possibly it was an hour after this happy arrival I looked down the valley and across to Eleanor's and I saw the two children in ordinary, everyday clothes, standing on the big stones in the brook as if they had been round the farm all summer. The wonderful adaptiveness of childhood! But there is nothing remarkable that they should love the meadow brook, for it is the charm of the place.

Second Cousin Sarah has gone home. So one goes and another comes. She was very quiet and nice, not making a bit of trouble. Her soul has been disciplined and it makes her a very pleasant person to be with.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30

Lady Richtmeyer, after whom I have the honor of being named, is visiting at Eleanor's. The family have all been to tea with us. We had an incomparable strawberry shortcake. Funny, too, Jan was among the elect.

MID-SUMMER DAYS

DEEPS OF SUNSHINE—SUNDAY SCHOOL—STRAWBERRIES—
SEA WAVES ON LAND—THE FOURTH—FIRST GARDEN BOU-
QUET—RED LETTER DAY—GOD BLESS YOU—MOTHER'S
“Box”—A LUNAR BOW—GRANDFATHER'S SONGS—THE
FIELD LILY.

JULY

The breath of summer round is shed
When wilding raspberries are red;
Whose dainty bowls of red and gold
The very soul of summer hold.

SUNDAY, JULY 1

Our guests spent the night and breakfasted with us this morning. Then we had a little spell of quiet. One must be very wise indeed to talk all the while and say something, and it is so plain it can be seen with the eyes shut, that to talk all the time and say nothing is foolish if not wicked.

At half-past three the neighbors met at the White School House to organize a Sunday School. The manner of organizing interested me greatly. However, I was too much interested in what was to be done for the instruction of the big boys who came into the meeting, stepping so heavily, to think about nursing my notions as to how things ought to be done. It was organized and we all went to our homes.

TUESDAY, JULY 3

We had a small breakfast party this morning. The Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert were invited to breakfast at half-

past eight. Little Alice, who is named for our Alice, came over last night to sleep in the White Room. She was not awake when the Dr. and her mother came. The parlor was very pleasant in the lovely morning hour. The breakfast was very simple and inviting. Strawberry shortcake, coffee and Cape Cod turkey. We believe there is no such time to use strawberries as when they are red ripe 'mong the flowering grass. They grow abundantly in the old meadows and for flavor there is none like the wild berry.

We were to drive to town and at half-past nine we were going down the valley road as Jehu drove. The Dr. has never learned to drive slowly, so we went as near like the wind as the roads permitted, and our roads in midsummer are not to be evil spoken of. It was a rare morning and we enjoyed the smells of clover which the winds brought to us and the *sea* waves surging through the fields of barley.

Everything was delightful at Mrs. Kellogg's where we were to spend the day. They are very delightful people. Mr. O— has lived abroad and is a pleasing talker. Coming from the country we were permitted to do a little shopping, although it was an invited visit. It is tiresome to talk and to buy. It is tiresome to wish and to want. Now, which is most tiresome? They who know both ways can judge best. Perhaps the one weariness balances the other. Mr. O— sent Mother a bouquet with his compliments. He always does and it is so pretty, for he knew Mother years ago.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

I was scarcely awake as I heard the engines over in town shriek a salute to the sunrise, then it was full Fourth. Little Alice had permission to set off some small fireworks in the fireplace and we were invited to see the unique dis-

play. The jollification of the Fourth of July is very often more noise than glory. Even the jolliest day comes to an end and who but God can know aught of tomorrow.

THURSDAY, JULY 5

It was quarter past nine this morning when I waked from my delicious sleep. My good angel must have forgotten to kiss me awake. Mother had had her breakfast, but mine was waiting for me. Then she wanted me to make a cake, which I did.

After supper took a long walk down the valley to collect some pasture money and was caught in a shower. Little Alice is staying with me tonight and before going to sleep entertained herself playing with my doll things.

SUNDAY, JULY 8

Victory! Sing it aloud. Sound it abroad. I've picked a bouquet from my garden. They are real flowers. There is not a sorrel top or weed in my beautiful Sunday morning bouquet. Eugene brought me a bunch of white clover when he came over. The children spent the morning with me. I sang with them and told them about Jerusalem, the beautiful city of the Bible.

I found in the old desk in Mother's room a faded rosebud. I guess it is the one she wore one Sunday morning in June, when roses first came. She celebrated Christmas wearing a leaf of rosemary in her cap—"that's for remembrance"—but she did not know it until we told her of it.

In Sunday School a little boy got his shoes untied and used the strings for lines, making a team of his feet. I hope our Sunday School will be a blessing, but there is not a great deal of interest exhibited.

MONDAY, JULY 9

Ordered the east lot and it is in prime order. "Ordered" is a word coined by little Alice and adopted into the vocabulary of the family. We orderate things now. The phlox are blossoming, the pansies are blossoming, happiness is mine; they are yellow, the coveted gold of the garden.

The school ma'am is here tonight. The supper was all my making. I am so tired. Well, I wonder if from the washing of boards and pans and clothing I get any new ideas. If not, God have mercy on the thousands of women whose lives never get beyond these, even into a flower garden.

THURSDAY, JULY 12

A real Red Letter Day. Mr. Dudley Dobson has been home today. What a treat it was to hear his voice again. He is such a good story teller, and he had so many pleasant things to tell about the places where he had been and the people he had seen since we last saw him. Only last week he had visited with "Topsy's mother," Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Mother gave him the soft, fine socks she had knitted for his Christmas and I gave him what I had to give, a pressed rose from the grave of sweet Alice. For supper we gave him one of our superbest strawberry shortcakes. It is no flattery to say that it was "very good."

SUNDAY, JULY 15

Preaching and Sunday School. I was early at the schoolhouse and so I took it on myself to arrange the shutters to keep out the hot west sunshine and opening the east and south, which were in shadow. It was very warm.

The first man who came in marched straight to the closed blinds and threw them open. I said: "Please, would it not be cooler if the sun was shut out?" And he, assenting to the self-evident truth, closed them. Soon another man came in, heated by walking as by the weather, and I mildly remonstrated with a like result, as he was about to open the blinds; a third time, before the preacher came, I contended for the closed blinds with success. After the preacher came I gave up "orderating" the meeting and the first thing which occurred was on this wise—a stout man came puffing into the schoolhouse and opened the blinds, letting the full window of sunshine onto the preacher's desk, but I had given up the war and after a while some one closed them. The sermon was good.

THURSDAY, JULY 19

It was after midnight when I finished my present for Mother—"God Bless You"—the letters in German text made with moss from the spring. I could not let her sixtieth birthday go by without a gift, though it was a very little one. Slipped the note and mark under her plate on the breakfast table and laid her spectacles by her plate.

It is a very happy condition of things in this world of God's that when one cannot do great things for those whom they love, they can do little things which express love just as effectively.

Our picnic in the meadow did not come off and our dinner party was small. Mr. Obee and Eleanor, little Alice and Eugene. Mother's forty years of breadmaking have been a success. Such bread and butter as we have does not grace every table in this land.

Mr. Dudley Dobson remembered the day and the Red Chariot brought the box of tea and coffee. Many times shall we drink Health, Happiness and Long Life to the

"Good Boy" who is so thoughtful and so kind. Jan always happens along when the elect meet. He brought me a new book, "The Patience of Hope." Altogether it has been a day of days to be remembered.

MONDAY, JULY 23

A "Red Letter" and "white stone" day. Went at noon to the schoolhouse to sing with the children and in the afternoon went to town with the Dr. A lovely drive and a lovely visit in town.

SATURDAY, JULY 28

Something new under the sun. A drover stopped and wanted us to keep the drove and get their breakfast at three o'clock in the morning. The drove stayed. One slept at Eleanor's and two slept on the hay in the barn. We had the breakfast ready for them at three o'clock and, getting up so early to do a common work, I saw, well, what? People always see what they are looking for and I saw a lunar bow. The moon was shining on the thick mist and there was the bow of promise. It's nice to get up in the night and see rainbows. I have so many times wished to see one, but I have thought it would be necessary to go to Niagara or somewhere way off to see it and it hung over the way where Duty lay. Mother has often told me of the days when she was young and all the brothers and sisters were at home, how her father used to write a song for each holiday as it came.

Remembering the pretty household custom of a generation that has passed, I have embalmed the joy of midsummer in a story of "The Field Lily," the flower pre-eminent of the midsummer month in which our birthdays come, Mother's and mine.

THE FIELD LILY

There was something about Aunt Lovelace that made one think of a white lily. The peace of the angels seemed to abide in her heart and in her living there was shed around a sweetness as subtle as the breath of the lily.

The young girl at her side today was most like a wild rose in her dewy freshness and sweet naturalness; she was very unlike Aunt Lovelace, yet both were beautiful.

Alice loved the world, the bright things of the world, and followed wherever the bright world called, but she was never satisfied. Aunt Lovelace cared little for the gay pleasures of life, yet she was always happy. Very often, when wearied in pursuit of pleasure, Alice came to Aunt Lovelace that her peace might fall on her. Today she listened lovingly to the low, sweet voice, the while a strain of a waltz swayed in her head and to which her heart beat time.

As she went down the stone steps, worn and greening with years, across streets and down streets and up a newer, broader flight of steps into her own home, it was hard to guess which would rise to the top as the cream of the day's experience, the waltz or the words of Aunt Lovelace. She had taken a bunch of white lilies to her and Aunt Lovelace had said, "Consider the lilies, how beautiful they grow," but then that was a verse in the Bible, a part of the Sermon on the Mount.

Up still a long flight of stairs, one, two, three, she lost the count before she reached the top, but she could tell from memory how many steps there were, for she had counted them since she had learned to count and she was always counting, so unrelenting a master is habit.

The room which she had but just left was all in gray and crimson. Aunt Lovelace, sweet as she was, was growing old and borrowed a little color from the crimson

cushions about her. Her own room as she entered it suited her better, it was all rose color and white. The one had the hue of dawn, the other the glory of the setting sun.

Alice seated herself by a small stand on which stood a vase filled with wild roses. She looked long and thoughtfully and rose up hastily saying: "It's all vanity. It's vanity everywhere—except where Aunt Lovelace is." There had been a bunch of white lilies with the roses, but she had taken them to Aunt Lovelace because they were so like her.

One midsummer day, on the mountain road where Alice had gathered the wild roses, were two little berry pickers. It was very warm, they were very tired and it was a long way to their home. Just then all they wanted in life was to be with Mother, safe at home, they were such little wage earners. Their pails were full, but the pennies which the berries would bring seemed to them at that moment the veriest vanity, their ambition was so lost.

The office of the stronger is always to comfort, to lift the burden for the weaker one. The girl took up the burden of her life with the braveness of a woman—and she, too, was tired.

"Now, little brother," said she, "we'll see who will find the most field lilies as we go down the mountain."

Very soon they both forgot to be weary. The pails were set down a good many times; the little arms were rested; each carried a handful of brilliant bloom and, strangely enough, as quick-eyed as was the little sister for the lilies, it was the boy who discovered the most lilies.

The fields were passed, the highway reached, and as they trudged along the glory which they held comforted them.

"What will you do with your lilies?" asked the sister.

"Give them to Mother," said the loyal-hearted little lad.

"I shall take mine to the house where I take my berries and give them to the young lady."

So their little plans were perfected.

"Oh, Mother!" said the sister when once more at home, "you can't guess how the lilies helped us down the mountain; we were both so tired and they rested us beautifully."

"Thank you," said Alice as she took the big bunch of lilies from the hand of the child, which had been so rested in holding them. "It was very kind of you."

Politeness is a wonderful sugar. It makes everything sweet on which it is spread. The child went forth from her presence with a laugh on her lips, pennies in her pocket and kind words hid in her heart.

When the child was gone, Alice looked at them and said, "I wonder why anybody thinks the field lilies are worth the picking? The great red things! But it was kind in the child to bring them to me."

Then a new thought budded in her heart—one could see it blossom in her eyes—and she added, "I'm going to see Aunt Lovelace. I'll take them to her, for she loves every common thing that grows," and she did so.

"My dear Alice," said the beautiful old lady as Alice appeared before her, her face hidden behind her big bouquet.

"You have brought the very soul of the fields with you. Did you gather them?" and the thin hands reached to take them.

Then Alice seated herself on the foot-cushion and told Aunt Lovelace the story of the gift and how she had brought them to her because she knew she loved them, and she did not want them or love them.

Aunt Lovelace smiled very sweetly as she laid her hand on the girl's head and said, "So you threw them away on me?" Then added tenderly and low: "With my heart as well as my lips I thank you for bringing them to me, and remember, that often that which is no longer of use to us may be of use and be prized by some one else."

Aunt Lovelace always comforted Alice and when she sat by her and listened it seemed as if she could do and think as she did. Besides, this was a new way of looking at the gift of the lilies. She had simply passed on a gift of love in its freshness and had made no count of her own thoughtfulness in bestowing it where it would be appreciated.

While these thoughts were going swiftly through her mind, a maid brought a glass in which to place the lilies. Stem by stem the dear old lady put them in the glass. She looked lovingly in each lily cup as if afraid she might lose some word of the message which they brought and caressed with her slender hands the stem of each flower. All the time Alice watched beautiful Aunt Lovelace with a child's sweet wonder and the beauty of the fields seemed to dawn on her mind. The last stem was in the vase.

"Why, Alice, I feel as if I had been on the mountain road, for I know where these grew. You have given me almost a walk in the fields this midsummer day. May God reward you!" and she bent and kissed the girl sitting at her feet.

In some way the great red blossoms had grown beautiful; it was not the vase, although it seemed formed to hold them, but it was the Voice of the Lord on the Mount saying, "Consider the lilies. How they glorify Me."

AUGUST DAYS

THE MONTH OF FLAME FLOWERS—A FUNNY INCIDENT—
A PAPER OF PINS—RED BEANS—THE DREAM OF A BEAN
—COMMENCEMENT—JAN IN MY GARDEN—FROST AND
FIRES—AN ENGLISH INN—A MEMORABLE VISIT—A GIFT
—A MOUSE HUNT—A BUCKBOARD RIDE—BIRETTA, THE
LITTLE CARDINAL

AUGUST

A weed bouquet at random thrown
With jewel weed, a bank has sown.
The splendor of midsummer days
When August is with gems ablaze.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3

Went to school from recess till noon, sang with the children and sat by little Alice. Something very funny happened in school. Alice and Eugene come from a town and it does the children of the school lots of good when they can get a laugh on them. Little Alice happens to have a very plebeian taste for cold boiled potatoes and a little salt. Before going to school, unbeknownst to the family she had slipped a potato into her little pocket, providing against a spell of hunger, and it fell out of her pocket on the floor. The children laughed immoderately. Alice stood it very well; she is only eight years old, and when one is ten times eight to be laughed at is a hard thing to bear.

After school we “choiced” another place in the meadow for the picnic, which we still talk of. “Choiced” is another of the children’s words.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10

Last night I did a little surprise. For a thousand years, *i. e.*, a long time, we've been wanting a paper of pins. Finally I've remembered to get them and last night printed with them "Good Morning" on Mother's pin-cushion to greet her when she should get up this morning. Only a little thing! It is a little thing to wave one's hand, to draw one's breath, but God has made us to think little acts of kindness just as well as do little acts of motion.

My red beans are a constant joy. "Hitchety Hatchet, up they go." I've flowers to give away. A bunch here and a bunch there. Oh, it's a great thing to own a garden!

MONDAY, AUGUST 13

Made up a bouquet for Mary to take to school; went for the last time this school year to sing with the children.

Now that the opportunity is gone, I wish I'd told the children stories about the wonderful things to be found in the corners of the rail fences, which they pass every morning and evening as they come and go from school. Mrs. Gilbert and I counted twenty blossoming plants in a fence corner by the bridge near the big elm tree. And I never thought of it until it is too late.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15

Today was the last day of the summer school. Tied a bouquet for the children to present to the teacher with a book from their parents.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16

Jan brought me more books to read. My garden is looking so nicely now in these summer days. I took him round to see the blossoming east lot and he said: "So this

is your posie garden!" I do not know what he saw as he looked; I do not know what he thought as he looked. That is what he said, but I know it is a beautiful bed of blossoms.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17

Judge Otis and wife made us a short visit, just long enough to take supper. The Judge said he enjoyed the Mocha coffee very much. Now, when people are in humor to be pleased it is easy to please them. The Mocha was Rio, prime, fresh browned, fresh ground, nicely made, and with the best of cream. The Judge very thoughtfully brought up a package of late papers.

Such lovely visits as we have enjoyed here at the cottage. I'm glad I thought to make a note of them. "Perchance hereafter it may be pleasant to remember these days."

Alas, this morning there was a frost! The beans and the corn in the garden were badly bitten. Mother and I have shivered through several days and have breakfasted by a fire.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18

Mr. Peters and Hebe came to make a call, came out just for a drive in the country. Happiness is a wonderful beautifier. Hebe was always good looking, but she is growing handsome. I picked a bouquet for her and I sang for them and they promised to come again. N. B.—I do not think they cared for the flowers or the music. There are times when people, two people, care only for themselves and each other. It is very lovely. It looks as if they were just there.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19

Sunday School again. "The Owner," as Alice calls the superintendent, did not come. So I superintended as best

I was able under the circumstances. What I did, I did with a whole heart. There were five children, one man, two women besides myself. I suggested, after a suitable waiting, that having come together for a Sunday School, we should go through the usual exercises. This we did and then we went home.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23

Last night we kept a thousand sheep. For the time being the farmhouse kitchen was the kitchen of an old English inn. The room has a flavor of quaintness at all times. The hewn, smoke-stained beams overhead; the warm, dark, old-fashioned red paint on the woodwork where it has not worn off; the large window of small panes and the oaken floor combine to make a picture. Since our coming soap and sand have brought the floor to a better color than it was.

The kitchen was also reading and smoking room. After supper one man seated himself by the window (by the oven) and drew from his pocket a fresh "Atlantic Magazine." If it is true, "Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," is it not true also, Tell me what you read and I'll tell you what you are? Then the men with the drove were gentlemen. They all had clean hands. The steep hills under cultivation on either side of the valley were an unceasing wonder as they looked at them. "How does the farmer get his crops down?" asked one. He was told that the farmer got them down on a stone boat. "Well," said he, "I should want my neck insured to draw a load of hay down these hills."

They were gone before our breakfast, thanking us for their accommodations as well as paying for them. People are not always so polite. I thought that magazine meant something. The morning was beautiful. Rising early, one

makes sweet acquaintance with the dawn. How many times in the Bible it is told they "rose up early." And the beautiful wife in Proverbs "riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household." These things were written in a land "where shepherds watched their flocks by night," in comparatively a summer land. But summer with us is a bit of the tropics sent on a mission to the north.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27

A memorable visit from unknown friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, of Kelloggsville. Mr. Kellogg wished to see Mother and her daughter, for he had known Father, Dr. Levi Smith "when he was a bachelor," before he married his first wife. Mrs. K— very sweetly recalled the Bible incident of the kindness of David, the King, to Mephibosheth, "for Jonathan, thy father's sake." Mr. K— asked if we had Father's books and mentioned one which he remembered reading in Father's office when his books were new. I brought him the book which he mentioned and we all said how strange to find again the very book he remembered reading fifty years ago. As he took it in his hands the touch seemed almost a caress. Mrs. K— is also a second wife and knows no more of the long ago "when Father was a bachelor" than we do. She is a lovely woman, with soft, light hair and a beautifully low voice. She laid aside her bonnet in the White Room and was so polite as to say, "How lovely and white!" She wished to make a note of something and asked for a pencil. I brought her one. She looked at it and said, "A pencil with an educated point." I smiled. Jan sharpened it, but I said nothing of Jan. Mr. K— was years ago interested in Troy Female Seminary and his pleasant, reminiscing talk of Mrs. Emma Willard was more interesting to me than the tales he told of being in London and seeing the queen, the princes and princesses,

"a whole string of them." I suppose, being an American, he can be forgiven for speaking of royal children as if they were ordinary mortals. Mrs. Willard is a royal American woman. We very soon found Mrs. K— loved flowers. I picked bouquets for her and dear Mrs. O—, who chaperoned them to the cottage and whom we love very much.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28

This morning the Red Chariot brought a package of papers from Mrs. K— addressed in Father's name. I think it made Mother happy. In them "a slip" of geranium which she thought very lovely.

Homekeeping Note.—My peppers are pickled; I hope they'll be as nice as Eleanor's pickles.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31

Yesterday Mother went to town to be present at the Preparatory Lecture and Communion tomorrow. Have busied myself going through the pantry again, looking high and low for the place where the little mouse comes in every night for his bite of bread and cheese. The discovery was one of the surprises of research. In the corner of a pane of glass was a small, triangular hole. This was the mouse hole. I saw a mouse disappear through the aperture and it was all plain enough.

After the work was done, started over to Eleanor's and just reached the highway as Granny Christopher's ox team came along. Luce was driving the oxen; she was barefoot, and riding on the buckboard were Granny Christopher, her daughter and a granddaughter, the sister of Luce. They were going to visit Cyrenus and his family. They are great folk to go visiting. Luce asked me to ride. I said no, I was only going over to Eleanor's. "But you can just as well ride," she said. She gee-hawed the oxen to a stop and I

seated myself on the buckboard and rode to Eleanor's, the next gate on the road. It isn't much to relate, but it was an incident in the day and my first buckboard ride.

Once a bride rode to her home on a "snow-white steer," and the story is historic and romantic.

"Alden, the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the
noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen and not plod along like a
peasant."

And here endeth the summer.

BIRETTA

THE lake was frozen over. The hills near and far were wrapt in sleep and snow. The sky was dark; the days were cold; there was no life visible. For weeks morning and evening were alike in dreariness. Then a wonder was wrought. The word of the Lord came afresh to the world. The day spring from on high dawned on the darkness and there was life and light. The hills shook off their ice shrouds. The ice melted and vanished from the lake, as if ashamed of being so hard-hearted in the presence of the warm-hearted sun. The wind came blowing a call to life, "Awake, arise, rejoice, for the reign of death is over." It blew across the smooth surface, so lately hard and cold, and it broke into a multitude of small waves. The waves hasted to kiss the feet of the hills at the water's edge and the waves sang this song: "Swash, swash, rejoice, we were bound, but the word of the Lord hath set us free."

The water beech and dogwood doffed brown for bridal white; maple and elm blushed into buds and beauty. The pussy-willow buds crept out of their catkin cradles.

On the margin of the lake grew reeds and rushes and thrifty bunches of weedish-looking leaves. In coves where there was no current lily pads unfolded and rocked and nursed into bloom the white water lily, the Venus of flowers.

Birds built their nests and twittered thankfulness and song as they gathered of the fields of bird wheat the great, good God had sown for them. The water fowl lifted themselves slowly, made short sails, then settled with a whirr to the earth again.

Aunt Patty looked out of her kitchen door at the laughing lake, felt the wind, heard the birds, thought of the

wonderful change that had been wrought by the word of the Lord right before her face, and wondered if the gentlemen from the great town would like the dinner.

She had brought out for the little feast the tureen which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, the quaint silver cream jug that came from Aunt Eunice and the cups and saucers that were her own grandmother's. They were ornamented with the Chantilly sprig and it seemed to flavor with the breath of spring, whatever one drank from them.

These pieces of ancient splendor evidenced a long ago of merry living, of plenty and to spare. The face of the little lad who sat at meat in the farmhouse kitchen in all probability descended with the china and the silver from a race of gentle folk. There was something in the child's face that made one wonder to see it there. It was strong without being coarse; it was delicate without being weak.

The old gentleman of the party, who was most courteous in all his ways, noticed the lad and said: "My little lad, what will you be when you are grown to be a man?"

"I shall be a Cardinal, sir."

"And why a Cardinal?" questioned the gentleman.

"For the Scarlet Hat, sir."

"And why not Lord High Chancellor?" he again questioned the lad.

"It is better to serve God than the world."

This was all the child knew of the Hat; that it represented power in the service of God.

"More likely," said the young man of the party, "you will wear a cap with bells."

But the saying of the lad pleased the old man greatly. God was here. In the water, in the air, above, below, in the teaching of the mother and the heart of a child. In the wilderness where no man is God hath planted the fir tree, the pine and the boxtree and caused to spring forth

the tender herb, and here in the wilderness was a child in whose heart burned a desire to serve God and whose delicate fancy had been caught by the brilliance of the Red Hat.

During the stay of the party at the house, the little lad lost his own name and was called "The Little Cardinal," or "Biretta."

Summer came; the sun shined with tropical heat. From the thrifty bunches of weedish looking leaves on the margin of the lake shot up long, slender stalks and hung out a blaze of color, a sacred scarlet. A royal flower. It was a common stem, but it was crowned with a symbol of priestly power. The Cardinal's Hat.

"Yes," thought the lad, as he gazed long and lovingly at the pure, deep flower. "My life is weak and mean, like the stem of the flower, but the Lord who can give such a crown of beauty to such a stem can give me the Cardinal's Hat, for I will serve him."

The next summer the party came again to the lake. On the mantel of the best room stood a quaint old vase filled with a sacred fire of burning bloom; over it hung a Red Hat.

"But where is the lad?" say they all.

Aunt Patty folded her hands as she answered slowly: "The Lord hath made him Cardinal indeed. He hath given the lad his wish. He hath given him power at his right hand. *Biretta is dead.*"

SEPTEMBER DAYS

GOOD-BYE TO SUMMER—A LOVELY VISITOR—CAPMAKER TO THE QUEEN—OLD-FASHIONED PARLOR—DON'T STEP ON THISTLES — MY CORALS — ADELAIDA — ARNAULT'S WITHERED LEAF—THE INTERIOR OF THE COUNTRY—GATHERING THE APPLES—THE DAY ALICE DIED

SEPTEMBER

The humming-bird can sip at will
From deep cups fashioned for its bill,
And blue sags blossoms call the bee
With laughing lip continually.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

I watched the summer die last night. I stood before Grandfather's tall clock and looked up into the solemn face that has never smiled nor frowned in all the years that it has solemnly ticked into eternity. I watched the slender hands clasp and part again at midnight. The solemn face looked down on me and went on ticking in its high tower, as contentedly as the kitten purred on the hearth rug. For the summers that go the heart will mourn even as the last of the Moorish kings mourned, as he stood on the mountain of the Last Sigh and turned from gazing on the palace, no longer the Moorish Kings' Alhambra. And as for him, the gate leading from the summer to the autumn is stoned up that I may not pass back, to go in and out of the pleasant garden ways any more, for ever.

Well, the summer is better than the spring; it is the fulfilment of spring. Autumn is better than summer; it

is the fulfilment of summer, but the heart will shrink and shiver before it can speak the truth boldly and say winter is better than autumn; it is the best of all for the thought and life is driven home from faring over mountains and through fields to the fireside for comfort. It is the time of enjoyment of the harvests of the year. It is the home season and the home life is the sweetest life on earth.

The clock struck twelve slowly and solemnly. It struck twelve again at noon today, but it was not the same. Last night it was a knell and I said: "Good-bye, sweet summer, we've been very happy together. I'm sorry to have you go, for I've loved you so; you've brought me such happy days. I know your heart better than ever in my life before. I shall always be happier for it and I shall see your face again, in Heaven some day. Good-bye."

Maybe it was a bit of nonsense, maybe a bit of poetry, that made me watch the summer die, but this summer has not been like any other summer to me. It was this one that saw me receive baptism and communion. It did not seem foolish to me when the daylight came and I went about my daily duties, and even if it was, it was a sweet foolishness that may be forgiven.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Went down to our Sunday School. Two girls came on horseback, got off at the steps, came in the entry and were taken with a fit of whispering and laughing and concluded not to come in. So the fellows standing outside brought up their horses and they mounted and rode on.

The preaching and the Sunday School are the only places of general meeting and the people are so glad to meet they almost seem to forget the object of their meeting.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Mother came home today and lovely Aunt Harriet came with her to spend several days. Anticipating Mother's coming I had made a pie before breakfast, and Mother said "Thank you, Daut," when I told her what I had good for dinner. In Mother's absence I have been studying Miss Catherine Beecher's Cook Book. Have had rye drop cakes for several mornings. They are real nice.

Mother shopped a little while in town and brought me some things I've wanted so long, and now that the waiting is over I'm very happy that I was patient. Things that have been waited for mean so much to the one who has waited. Maybe my garden has helped me through the summer.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

Eleanor came over to tea with Aunt Harriet, who is a most lovely visitor. Snowy hair, kind face and lovely manners. This morning my occupation was very agreeable—Capmaker to the Queen—making a cap for Aunt Harriet like Mother's New York cap.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Eleanor made dinner for us and our guest. Aunt Harriet, like all the rest, said Eleanor's coffee was the best she had drunk in her remembrance. Eleanor came over to tea with us and we have visited.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

A rainy morning and it was pleasant that we had a guest. The coming of the fall rains gives one the heart-ache. When the Red Chariot came rolling along this afternoon, Aunt Harriet went home, taking with her a big

bunch of flowers, of course. She said Hebe kept the bouquet she got up here two weeks, contrary to what I supposed.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

A small Sunday School and nice meeting. It was delightful and it is a pleasure to remember it.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Eleanor sent over for us to come to dinner and we went. It was very nice of her to ask us over this rainy day. The view down the valley in a dark day is a long stretch of dreariness.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Swept and dusted the parlor, filled the vases with fresh bouquets. "If I do say it, as oughten to say it," the parlor is a very pleasant room. The old piano and sofa, if not so handsome, have immense respectability and the old books—they always make a room beautiful. The love of books is one of the precious loves of life. Ditto of flowers.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Dressed in my holiday gown and looked my prettiest. Mother and Mrs. Willard have both endeavored to impress on my mind that it is a duty a woman owes to herself and her friends to always look her best. Besides dresses lose their fit when left unworn, just as manners lose their fine polish when neglected.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

In walking through the grass in the meadows or the pasture or by the roadside it is a mistake to step on all the

thistles. It is better to step aside. It is also better to forgive and forget the unpleasantness, like thistles in the grass that grow everywhere. I couldn't help thinking of this today, for, well—I stepped on a thistle. It wasn't that either; it was something that hurt my heart, not my foot. Mother has been visiting, doubling some more yarn. Mother is always knitting, always busy.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

Just at sun up, half-past six, I had to go over to Mr. Obec's to report the cattle in the grain. The content which cattle seem to take in a field where they ought not to be is too serious to be funny. It is also very human.

Starting with the sun, it would seem as if there would be much to tell before his going down, of plans to conquer, or of worlds conquered, but such is not the case. That ripple of excitement in the early morning is the only incident, outside the daily duties that has rippled the day's calm. Some time hereafter we may long for hours of quiet. We cannot long for that which we have and we have a superfluity of quiet.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

The anniversary of a sorrow. Life may be ever so happy, but one never forgets the friends whom God has called to come Home. They are always with us. Longfellow sings:

"There are more guests at table than the host
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts."

and the German poet sings the same thought:

"Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee!
Take! I give it willingly.
In thy boat, unseen by thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!"

Went to Sunday School, waited three-quarters of an hour. Two girls came. The hour is half-past two. At a quarter of four I saw the superintendent go along the road to the schoolhouse. It looks like a failure to keep an appointment.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

A letter from Alex, of St. Louis, with photos of herself and husband. She is much changed since we were at Ontario Seminary, but the mouth is Alex's own sweet mouth. Helen and Lewis K— visited us today. Helen always loved Alice and for old sake's sake it was very delightful to receive them. Very funny that Lewis K— remembers the corals and red jackets that I wore when a child. Eleanor has gone from home for a few days and when one of the family stirs out of the Valley it is an event of note. Helen was given a bouquet from my wonderful garden.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Adelaida! Jan doesn't like it; makes fun of it; yet brings it to me. He pretends that he's like the old major— wants to hear a tune when one plays on an instrument, something spirited and decided, like "Money Musk" or "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine," and yet he brings me beautiful music and delights to hear Patti and Brignoli.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

It has rained all day. Just the day to read old letters, do a little fancy darning, overhaul the trunks. There are lots of things one can do on a rainy day. Nice day to visit; nice day to have a pleasant friend with you and yet we did not one of these things today.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

It has rained all day! I wonder what Noah thought when he watched the rain for forty days and forty nights. We know this: There is not to be another flood, we have the promise.

The other day I showed Jan the translation which I had made of Arnault's Withered Leaf. He read it, bit his under lip and said, "Well—" Then he bit his lip again and said: "Well—" "Well, what?" said I impatiently. "Well," said he, "it is too literal." And I said, "Oh." I have revised the translation, but shall not show Jan the revised edition, for as it stands now,

"It is as comforting to me
As an old lady's cup of tea."

McCaulay and Bryant and a host of others have been pleased to translate this gem of French poetry, with varying degrees of success. I have been pleased to translate it, and though I expect no palm to be awarded my translation, it has given me pleasure to try to turn it into agreeable English.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Fairing. Blue sky visible. Sun shining through the clouds. The dove returns with the olive branch in its mouth. Just as it was after the rain in the days of Noah.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Clear and bright, all the brighter for the rain. It seems like a new world after being shut in the Ark for several days. Home is an Ark of safety.

Elisha came for me to go into the wilderness, *i. e.*, a long ways off from the main road, to make a promised visit. It was so very kind to take so much trouble to get

me here. I hope I shall be able to give them pleasure to pay them for their trouble. They are very thoughtfully kind. The mother has a great many things of interest to tell me about the household friends who died years before I was born. I am so glad to have her talk of them.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Now why is Sunday so much longer away from home than it is at home? Went to a Sunday School where there was a woman superintendent. Among the questions she asked this one: "Who is the Prince of the Devils?" One child answered "the Bad Man"; another said "Jeff Davis." She conducted the school in a quiet, dignified manner, though evidently she felt there was a stranger in the camp, but I thought she was a loving "owner" of the little school. Last night there was a hard frost and the summer things are all done brown.

"Woe is me, Alhama!"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Finished my visit and came home. We got started rather late and came part of the way in the moonlight. The country seems very lonely in the night, and in the moonlight it seemed unreal, without form and void. It was a lovely visit, but I was so glad to get home. Mother had given me up and gone over to Eleanor's for company's sake, but we fetched her home.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Jack Frost had not taken everything. There are flowers in my garden yet and a big bouquet for Sarah went with Elisha when he went home today. What comfort the flowers have been to us all, and it has been an advantage

that they were all what the book calls half hardy. The big bed of white petunias has been the greatest success. From the first coming of the blossoms it has been in full bloom and has given me all I cared to cut, which has been about a bunch a day, without showing any diminishing of flowers. The blue bachelor buttons I think have been next in favor. I never knew before how pretty a single plant of bachelor buttons was when growing with plenty of room. And they are such constant bloomers. The sweet peas and scarlet beans have also been favorites and, of course, mignonette. Mignonette always brings to mind Mrs. Whitney's parlor. Through the summer there were vases filled with mignonette in the room and the fragrance and the room are associated in my mind.

We have been making a half-day visit at a neighbor's house. It is the custom in the Valley to make all-day visits, but oh, dear me, how dry one talks one's self in all day! It is a mortification at bed-time to remember how little one has said of that which is profitable for the life and growth of the soul.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

A day spent out of doors. Our apple harvest, warm and bright, a never-to-be-forgotten day of delight. I wish I might live a hundred years to tell the story. A little orchard of young trees, way up on the hillside, facing south. The trees are small and on the up-side one can reach in the branches owing to the slant of the hill. The "men folks" were busy, Granny Christopher said, but she and Luce would come and gather them for halves, and Buck and Bright would deliver them at the door. Mother and I joined the party.

When Grant and Lee met under an apple tree, it was an historic event. When Washington Irving went with the

little barefoot urchin and stole his own apples, it was a romantic event. This day of Mohammedan prostrations, of sunshine and apple smells was only an incident in our very ordinary lives, but this little fact stole not a ray of warmth from the sunshine, or a bit of the sweet smell of the rich, ripe fruit. We had it all. The happiest part of the day, for me, was eating my luncheon in an apple tree. That Mother should humor such nonsense was the sweetest part of that happiness. And would I ever think it? Mother spread sugar on my bread and butter just as she used to when I was a child. Guess Mother thinks I am a good deal of a child yet.

Someone had been to see us while we were in the orchard. As we came up the footpath to the door we saw a little basket hanging on the door knob. It proved to be something rare for tomorrow's dinner. The only thing which marred the day's perfect happiness was a mishap to Granny Christopher's long ladder, but that can be mended.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

The day that Alice died. Mother does not say anything, but I know she always keeps it in remembrance.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the northwind's blast,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

OCTOBER DAYS

AN AUTUMN WALK—THE SUGAR CAMP—WITCH HAZEL—
OLIVER TWIST—A SONG OF THE TUB—A DIARY—SMALL
THINGS—THE PROMISE FULFILLED—A WHEATEN LOAF—
GRANNY CHRISTOPHER'S COTTAGE—AN EVENING OUT—
FIRST SNOW—IF THE SNOW KISSED NOT THE ROSE—A
NEW BEATITUDE—THE SERMON THE WILD ASTER
PREACHED

OCTOBER

In wilding sweets, as in a glass,
Before my eyes the year doth pass.
From cherry-bloom till asters shine
And flame consume the wild woodbine.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1

It has been one of those days in which it is a happiness to live. For a long time sat by the open window in my room, just doing nothing but being happy. Happiness goes up and down with the sun, as the mercury in a thermometer goes up and down with the heat. Already in my life I can count more happy days than Lord Byron ever had, or that he ever made note of.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2

Saint Geranium Day! Named in honor of a bright geranium which has been given me for winter blossoms. Saw Sam M— going to town and hailed him to ask if he would bring up that feed for my chickens. He said yes. He has been a kind neighbor. Read in Godey, the magazine which Mother subscribed for, for a surprise for me, that mullein leaves were disliked by mice and if freely

scattered about places infested by them, they would leave. Now is probably the best time we shall ever have to try the truth of this sure cure. Plenty of mullein leaves and plenty of mice. As in all countries, the ill and the cure grow side by side.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3

Sydney went to town and Loice came to spend the day with us. We were all at Eleanor's to tea. I've quite an admiration for Luce, my girl teamster. Today she came into the kitchen, saying by way of explanation: "I came to Uncle Jo's and there were so many men going in to dinner, I thought I'd come over here till they were gone to work." Keep thyself, Luce, and God will keep thee.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4

Jan came from town and a small party went leaf-hunting up among the maples. The leaves are in their full beauty. The woods are glorious. It was a delightful walk, enjoyed by all. We stumbled on the old Sugar Camp, which has been deserted since the tornado years ago spoiled the maple orchard, breaking down the greater part. The stones were mossed over, where they used to have the fire and the path to the camp is mossy, showing it to be long unused, although still it is distinctly the path. I thought I had been over every foot of the farm, but I never happened here until this blessed day.

Where two fifty-acre lots join hands there are a number of sumacs; there we sat down and viewed the landscape o'er. Above our heads the brilliant sumacs, and over all the blue sky. The sumac is a favorite of mine. It has just the shadow of a resemblance to the feathery bamboo. A northern cousin, maybe. One never forgets a walk in such wonderful woods as we walked in today, and in no other country under heaven can such gorgeous woods be found.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5

Where there is sunshine there is shadow. Yesterday was a royal day of scarlet and gold; today the sere and faded leaf. Last night there came a bitter frost. What if we had waited until today for our autumn walk? It is another world out of doors from that in which we laughed and rejoiced only yesterday. So like life. Still, for all the changed woods and fields, the sun shone gloriously and I took a long walk; enjoyed the sunshine. Sometimes when the light seems so delightful I think of Dr. Kane climbing an ice peak to catch the first sight of the sun after the long darkness, and his describing the sensation experienced as delicious as a bath in perfumed water.

There are so many things all about me that I do not understand; for instance, this: Why doesn't the woman have any income from the farm? Why hasn't she a right to sell a neighbor honey or anything from the storeroom without feeling herself a thief and a liar?

How awe-full is the goodness of women who work hard all their lives—for their grave clothes! These thoughts came today because I went after some honey. Mrs. H— said, yes, I could have what I wanted, but added: "Now, don't you tell *him*, for he said he couldn't sell any more, but it isn't much." Some way I wished I wanted more, so she would have more money that was all her own.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

Speering among the sere leaves in the meadow to see what was left after the frost, I found the witch hazel all ablow, as bright as summer. Almost every leaf was gone from the branches, yet the yellow, star-fringed blossoms were as gaily lifting up their lights as if Jack Frost had not yet come to his kingdom. My acquaintance with witch hazel began last year. Mrs. H— had strung the seeds,

making an ornamental basket. The seeds were so polished and the small, white spots which marked them were so curious, I became interested in witch hazel then and there. First, as it is directed in cooking a woodchuck, catch your woodchuck, so I was told to gather the seed. She told me nothing concerning the seed and it was a novel experience. The shrubs are full of the ripened seed at the time of blossoming. December and May, youth and ripe age are sometimes tied to each other on the same bough in the natural world. The capsules open explosively and scatter the seeds abroad, and to look for them would be to repeat the search for the needle in the haystack. I learned that in order to save the seeds the capsules must be gathered before they opened; also that they must be covered or the seeds flew about the house the same way that they did in the fields. Each seed is about the size of a kernel of rice. So I gathered the capsules before they were opened and put them in a paper bag and hung them in the dining room to wait and hear what would happen. Happen in the sense of occur; Mother and I would be reading or sewing, everything as still as midnight, when like hail on the window, we would run to see and then laugh to think we had forgotten the witches tied in the bag, and return to the sewing or reading by the parlor fire. This kept up till every seed was freed; then I tried to thread them as Mrs. H— had done and they wouldn't thread. They would split. When I saw Mrs. H— she told me she filed off both ends of each small seed just sufficient to allow a fine needle to thread them. Finally the necklace which I strung was beautiful enough to pay me for my trouble.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7

No Sunday School, but a good, real, enjoyable, preaching service. What makes the difference in Sundays?

Sometimes it seems like sowing seed when the wind blows; then again it is quiet and orderly and reverent; a seed sowing when there is no wind blowing and it seems like going to church.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9

Mother went to town yesterday and I spent last night at Eleanor's. We had a delightful evening. The parlor was bright and warm and we visited and visited. Oliver, the cat, follows me everywhere. I never knew before that a cat would follow like a dog, but Oliver goes with me all over the farm. He went over to Eleanor's with me and stayed until Major showed his teeth at a cat's coming a-visiting. When I came home this morning Oliver was hugging the door step and came down to the gate to meet me and trotted up the footpath by my side purring most contentedly. Oliver is a wonderful cat; there is no doubt of it.

Mother came up in the Red Chariot with the usual big bundle. There is nothing in the life in the country more delightful than coming home from town with lots of bundles. It is so happy undoing each separate parcel. It doesn't matter whether the package contains raisins for Christmas, or a web of cloth or a paper of pins. It is something needed or wished for, and it has come. And it's a joy that preserves its freshness, it is always a delight.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10

Some things occurred today which made me think how very different the life I am now living is from the life I planned for myself when I came from school. Yet I am confident that God is saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Where it leads is with God; my only concern is to follow in faith.

I wonder what Moses thought in all those days of watching his flocks at the back of the desert, after his court-life and the study of the wisdom of Egypt. Sunrise and sunset over and over for forty years!

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12

“Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Gusset and band and seam.”

Wherein does the life of a sewing woman differ from the life of any wage earner except that she gets less money for her work? There is the same repetition of stitch, stitch, stitch in the menial and trivial work in the house. When the clock stops its tick, tick, tick, it is dead. When a woman's work is done she, too, is dead. The making of a garment is the least work about it. It is keeping things in order that tries a woman's soul, like the trial of the desert.

Here is a little song which I found in the bottom of the tub one day.

A SONG

To rub and rub and rub,
To scald and rinse and wring,
The sheets and skirts and frills
In water from the spring.

To dampen, starch and spat
To smooth with irons hot,
To smooth to perfectness
And leave no scorched spot.

To “air” and fold away
The linen clean and white;
To lavender the sheets,
To bring sweet dreams at night:

Is setting stitches in
The hem of winding sheet
For those who spend their lives
To keep the linen neat.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

That years bring change is evidenced in my delight in this simple record of sunrise and sunset. I remember hearing Mrs. Timothy Dwight say, once an eminent man had counseled her to keep a diary, she did not think as he did. I agreed with her. It seemed then the veriest nonsense, unless one was living a life of entertaining incident. Now it gives me pleasure to record the magnifying of a small, white flower, looking at the moon in the daytime or the simplest incident in the day.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

It seemed to me, as I thought in the quiet hours of this quiet day of the promises of God, that their fulfilment in this year had been specially noticeable. When our farmer failed us it seemed sort of dreadful to be left here without a farmer, but Eleanor was near and the land was parceled out and the pasturage has been excellent, and then, the droves, coming along for weeks. The drovers were very kind, for the sake of their flocks accepting inconvenience for themselves, sometimes sleeping at Mr. Obee's and sometimes on the hay. Now there is a tenant in the white farmhouse and we have to thank God for again verifying his word: "I will not leave you comfortless."

Am so glad Mother insisted on my studying Thorough Bass. Today I have been playing chords. I am glad there was something I could do and something that filled the hours of sunshine with an expression of joy.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15

Schiller thought to put in a song the various labors attendant on making a bell, and Barlow has immortalized the making of a corn pudding.

More wonderful than either, it seems to me, is the making of a wheaten loaf of bread. If one could only learn to think as she worked there would be no common work; all work would be glorified. In making the bread, first the sower goes forth to sow. Then the grain dies and out of death cometh the living grain. The waving field, then the field just turning golden, the sun shining on it. Then the reapers come with their sickles and the glory of the field is laid low. Then it is gathered into barns and suffers the threshing, is separated from the chaff and is crushed by the millstones. Then the grain is ready for the bread making. It is leavened with leaven, mixed, raised by a process of fermentation, another taste of death, moulded and baked.

Since the sowing, the grain has died, been raised up in glory, been cut from its earth root, been crushed to powder, and ere the white loaf, nicely browned, is served on the snowy table it has yet to pass through the fire of the oven.

Many lessons we find in the white loaf of bread, of patient waiting, of trial by fire, by sword, of crushing sorrow, in order to bring out of the grain its useful sweet-ness.

The day has been one of the perfect autumn days, every one of which is an Illuminated Scripture.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16

A walk across the fields with Mother over to Granny Christopher's. The sick granddaughter has taken a cold and is worse. We found her lying on the bed covered with a quilt. Her head was also hidden under the quilt. Her hoarse cough and shoes which were not covered were all that made her presence known. As we came in the door Luce stepped and drew the cover over her feet.

Granny Christopher is a character. Kind and helpful, willing to be of service and content to live most primitively. Her cottage is of hewn logs. The only one left in the Valley. Two small windows light it; these windows, though small, have deep, poetic window sills. They are curtained with valances of muslin, and sometimes there is a plant there. There is now a stove on the brick hearth of the old fireplace; the chimney here has been torn out to give room. That chimney was built a long time ago, for Granny is an old woman. Tall and straight and strong, she carries her years well. She loves to visit her children, and her buckboard is her carriage and the oxen are the carriage horses. She is a good neighbor to everybody.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17

A day of beauty. I cannot tell why the autumn days are so full of delight to me. In the spring everything seems to rush forward so as to accomplish the growing and the ripening. There is no such feeling of haste in the rare hours of the mellow sunshine of a fall day. There is rather the joy that follows the accomplishment of tasks given to do. There is peace, content and rest. The days please me, only the daylight grows shorter and shorter, just as each day shortens life.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18

Mr. Obee is away and Mother and I have been over giving Eleanor a little lift with her sewing. It was a pleasant sewing society and she made us a Christmas cup of coffee. Wore my muslin dress this afternoon, it was so deliciously warm. Still the weather cannot be trusted and we had the Regulator stove set up this morning to be ready against the next frost.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20

Mother went to town with Mr. Obee. I got going like the man with the cork leg and couldn't stop. I was very busy until Mother was home again. It is a blessed home; we do what is right for us to do and we are agreed. There is no murmur of discontent. Suppose things are not as we would wish to have them, murmuring would not make things any better. Mother has a letter from Mr. Dudley Dobson, Denver, Colo., and his letters are almost like hearing from sweet Alice.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21

The meeting was so confused today, I wonder the preacher who spoke without notes did not lose his place and stop and ask, "What was I saying?" like the little boy who was diverted in a crying spell and when the diversion was over turned and asked, "Ma, what was I crying about?"

A woman fainted or had a "fit"; Granny Christopher generaled her out; then five women went out and came in and tiptoed out again. Then a young woman, dressed in black silk and a scarlet shawl, flashed in; then a man went out. Finally the woman was taken home.

Granny Christopher says, "I love your mother for her widowship." Bless your heart, Granny Christopher, so do I. If I had lost these years with my mother for anybody, what a loss it would have been.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23

Eleanor has company, her sister-in-law. We went over last evening to visit with her. It was the first evening we have spent out since we have been in the country and was quite a novel experience.

A rainbow yesterday morning.

"Rainbow in the morning,
Sailors take warning."

And every time this year after a morning rainbow it has turned screeching cold, so at night it was cold and bright.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24

The first flurry of snow. It was quite a little squall. It will always make one sad to find the first grey hair. The first cold is always welcomed with a little shiver. Yesterday I practised quite a bit, especially the song "Brightest Eyes." When the flowers fade, then one takes of necessity to indoor occupations. If music has suffered neglect during the summer days, it may suffer vengeance during the winter days. Another sewing society over to Eleanor's; she is going to see the Dr.'s family. The cream biscuit for supper were better than good; they were excellent. The snow today has suggested a little poem, which I confide to this pure white page.

IF THE SNOW KISSED NOT THE ROSE

Beautiful and sweetest rose
Lieth dead at summer's close;
And life's gladness follows swift
Where the faded rose leaves drift.

Oh, if we could only hold
All the summer's sunny gold!
Oh, if we could only keep
Roses from their winter's sleep!

If the snow kissed not the rose
And it died at summer's close,
Would we ever learn to pray,
Haste, thou Resurrection Day?



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25

Some days it does one good to dress and look her most magnificent. So I dressed "that pretty dress," my garnet empress cloth, and sang and really had a lovely afternoon. There should be added to the "Blesseds" this beatitude:

"Blessed are they who can turn shadow into sunshine."

Walking down the road this morning someone passing greeted me. It is so unusual to hear my name in my walks, I was quite surprised, but as I was not looking to see who was driving, I do not know who it was that bade me Good Morning. A Good Morning is the good beginning of a good day.

THE WILD ASTER'S SERMON.

This is what the wild asters have said to me:

Behold me, a weed of the ground, growing in pasture land and by the brookside, making the waste places of the earth bright with my purple bloom. When the summer is done and the dark days draw near, I lift up my branch of asters and with the best power that is in me I shine.

When the days are dark and the land waste, do you make the desolate places glad and in the dark days do you shine?

I get and give good from every circumstance and soil. I comfort with my light the weary, common lives of many. I bring near to their hearts the words of Christ, "Shall he not much more clothe you, oh, ye of little faith?" I make the little children happy. They pull the stars from my crown and pin them in their hair, crowning themselves with my glory.

Do you carry the words of Christ to those who mourn because they live in common places? Do you teach the

little children to love beauty in the commonplace ways and things?

I lighten the way of the wayfarer through the melancholy days, giving honor to God in so doing, who gave me my raiment of purple and gold. I help humanity to greater peace by my content. I grow my *best*, unseen and unknown.

Do you wear the king's colors of purple and gold for yourself or for the good of others? Are you content to serve unseen and unknown?

I grow where He placed me. I bloom as He made me. Continually I praise Him.

Are you willing to serve where you are placed? With your whole life do you praise Him?

I heard the asters say these things, but I think Christ spoke to my soul through the flower.

NOVEMBER DAYS

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE—GOING FROM HOME—THE LOVE OF
LAND—AN OLD TAVERN—GRAVES OF OUR HOUSEHOLD—
OLD PORTRAIT—VISITING WITH MOTHER—A NEW
BONNET—NEEDLEWORK AND KNITTING—THE BELOVED
PHYSICIAN—A PEDLER'S CART—LITTLE, OLD WOMAN—
HOME LETTERS—OLIVER TWIST'S DEATH—RAINY DAYS—
NIGHT CAPS—SABBATH THOUGHTS—THANKSGIVING DAY
—THE SUM OF DAYS—THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN
—WITCH HAZEL.

NOVEMBER

Again ere winter claims the scene,
The dandelions deck the green,
And in November, dull and cold,
We gather of the spring's first gold.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1

We had company this evening. The little woman in the white farmhouse came over rather than stay alone while "Jo was gone." She brought her crocheting, a narrow, delicate piece of lacework. She chattered as she crocheted and we were glad she came, for Eleanor is away and we felt lonely.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Heard this morning that our dear friend, Mrs. Mowry, was buried yesterday. She was so thoughtfully kind to everybody she will be greatly missed. The world will go on, but not so smoothly as it did for those who loved her.

She had such a blessed way of smoothing over the rough places, of helping one to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way. She will leave the world better for her living in it and she was such a quiet, little, home-loving woman; never any blowing of silver trumpets whither her feet wandered, as she went up and down, scattering blessings as spring scatters flowers.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Getting ready to go a-visiting; such numberless little things to see to in getting ready to shut the house. It 'most makes head ache to remember them all and one's heart ache to be so lonely and have both inside and outside to look after. The cellar window to shut, the chicken feed to arrange, kindling and wood by the stove ready to light the fire in an instant on our return, to see that nothing is left to freeze, and so on for ever so long.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4

A long, cold day. Mother went to the meeting and I sat at home and life seemed very serious and sad I thought. I meditated on the problem of life given to each to work out, but I presume I moped a little. Sometimes one is mistaken and calls one by the other's name, yet they are not twins at all and have very little resemblance. But this is true, as the conclusion of my moping, I do not covet being "a little hindering thing" all my life.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5

A continuation of preparation. A trip over to Eleanor's to borrow a screwdriver "to fix" a trunk. Gail Hamilton knew about women getting a trunk in visiting trim. We laughed when we read her description of getting a trunk

downstairs, but it was a serious experience if we did laugh at it. Finally, after the loosened screws were satisfactorily in place, we decided to pack a satchel, which is better. People in the country think if one comes with a trunk they intend to spend the season, and we are going for an autumn outing into the interior, way off from the main road.

The afternoon being bright, I climbed the hill opposite the house just to get a good look at the farm before the late storms prevent such a climb. It may be cold and unpleasant when we come back.

In these Indian Summer days it is a picture worth climbing to see. The love of land is one of those loves which it is good to have dwelling in one's heart. I am glad that I love land. One does not need to be a farmer with trousers in the top of mud-burdened boots to love land. Not at all. Often I have perched on a fence on the hill and looked down on the wood lot, the swamp, the strawberry meadow, the brown, broad, low cottage like a bobolink's nest, so squat is it in the grass, and loved the face of the farm. I love the song of the brook as it laughs through the meadow. I pray God I may go through life as the brook goes through the meadow land, laughing over difficulties, making a gladness wherever I go.

I love the farm, love to walk over it, love to hunt strawberries in the old meadows, love the smell of the flowering grasses.

“The smell of the flowering grasses
Is sweeter than any rose.”

I love the tangled wood lot, love the flicker of willow leaves on the water, love the flash of the maple leaves as they go boating on the surface of the brook, love the spring from which my father often drank. I love it all because it is a refuge. Most blessed is the one who has a city of Refuge to flee to for safety in troubled times.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Frost! The geranium after which I named a happy day is frozen. Tied it up in a paper to be left. Everything is as ready to leave as we know how to make it. Why is a farmhouse so lonesome when it is shut up?

The Red Chariot rolled up to the gate. Oliver Twist trotted down to the gate to see us off. Poor pussy will have to look out for himself for a while, but Eleanor has promised to be good to him.

The first Tuesday in November is "Lection Day." We rode spat into the fray at the tavern where the horses bait and the travelers, by the Red Chariot, take dinner.

The dining-room of the Inn is worthy of notice, though differing little from many another. It is a long room, with low ceiling and a row of windows on one side. The floor is a dark, shining yellow, almost as shining as a waxed floor and so clean it is almost slippery. On the wall hang some old-fashioned prints. Everything has the flavor of long ago.

The little quaintness about the place adds to the interest, especially for those who search to the ends of the earth for the antiquated.

The landlord himself is butler and waiter. He is a large man, but is deft and attentive and serves a good dinner. While waiting I was greatly interested in the men who make a "town meeting," and again encountered more things which I do not understand. A good many of them seemed so unkempt, unshorn, unwashed, that I wondered if they did not take their opinions from their fathers without the trouble to themselves of thinking. That is the worst of all, the unthinking being. Once the mind is set at work the man becomes a new man, clothed and in his right mind. Then he cleans the mud off from his boots, washes up, shaves and has his hair trimmed.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7

Bright and warmer than yesterday. Mother and I walked up to the little village and stopped at the God's Acre. The grass is long and tangled on the grave where Alice sleeps, like the dishevelled hair of a mourner. Wind and weather have left their mark on the stones. When we buried Father, Mother, Eleanor and Alice were left to me and now Alice is gone. These graves are a high altar whither we turn in days of both joy and sorrow.

Spent the day with a lady Mother knew years ago, an English woman.

How those dear ladies visited of the days that are gone! I wish the lady would give me the portrait painted of herself when she was young, in which she is holding a rose in her hand, herself as lovely as a rose. Cousin came for us and we rode home in the purple dusk, the horses going fast as good horses should go.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9

One of the good rules of life which is never to be broken is this: Never lose an opportunity for pure enjoyment. When Cousin said he was going to the village to get his horses shod and we could ride, we were ready. From the village Mother walked to see an old acquaintance and I walked back to the farmhouse. On my way I stopped at the graveyard, just to caress the long grass on the graves and sat down and sobbed until my heart was lightened a little and then I went on. I had made a quick walk and so had a long morning to myself, as we had started quite early. The day is apt to start early in a well-ordered farmhouse. Usually Mother and I do the visiting in the early part of the day until the work is done—which is almost never. In the afternoon Cousin takes time to sit awhile with us in the old sitting room which

has never changed, in an article of furniture or the position of a chair, since I can remember and Mother says it was the same in Auntie's time.

This afternoon made a lot of paper bobolinks for the child of the house and so doing made a friend of the little lad. They were something new to play with. I'm glad that I have the gift of folding paper. "It requires no trunk to carry knowledge" is an old Scotch proverb. If one knows how to do pleasant things for the little folks or the larger folks, one has the knowledge always with one, the same as the nose on one's face.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Went with the cousins to the town where they go to market. It was a glorious day to ride and the road went up hill and down hill. The road was good and the team good. Very little it seems left to visit for. A delightful expedition to a town of shops. A lovely day to spend money; lovely to have money to spend.

I have a new bonnet; perhaps I shall get up in the night to look at it. Cousin stood on a chair to view it and declares it to be as big as a postage stamp. It's as big as a bill and the milliner made it of a piece of my brown dress. And—it's real pretty.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Sunday is often a holiday instead of the holy day of the week in the country. It was their time to go and we went to another cousin's farther in the interior. How do they live way here? Fatly, faring sumptuously every day. The coffee was George Washington Coffee, as Lewis K—said of our's at the Cottage. I knew the sound of the beans dropping in the pan to brown as if it were Mother's foot-step.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12

It is always a good thing to be well supplied with needlework or knitting when one goes to visit off from the main road. I have my knitting. Mother has her knitting and there is always a chance to finish a sock or stocking that is lying about waiting to be finished. Mother is always doing this sort of thing. Took a long walk toward the switch. One cannot knit all day and visiting, where folks are so busy, has to be done by snatches. And the days are too bright to be shut in all day. Went out again this evening to see a field of straw burn; also called on the old grandmother who is very old and very Scotch. She remembers my Father when he first came to this country, "and many's the time I've been glad to see him over here." She remembers the old-fashioned saddlebags, as do many other families. What terrible, long rides the country doctor used to have to take to see his patients in those early days. The homes on the fair farm lands were scattered over a good deal of territory so that the country doctor's ride covered in extent a small empire.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Like yesterday, only fairer, took another long walk. From the hill top where we are, the world as far as eye can see is very beautiful. I wish it were the custom to name the farms. I should like to christen this place "Golden Sweet Place."

Incident. As I sat in the doorway knitting for dear life's sake, a tin pedler's cart hove in sight. A white horse and a cart that had once been red, and still showed some brightness in the sunshine. The children started on a run to meet it. Some one they know, I thought to myself, but I was wrong; it was just somebody going by.

We are on a hill top, off from the main road, in the real country.

Never before had I given a thought to a pedler's cart, but today I felt glad that they were painted a bright color and were sometimes drawn by a white horse. If with the brooms which look so bright and golden in the sunshine, they would carry a small banner or two, it would have a very small likeness to a circus parade in town. I wonder the pedler has not thought of the attractive feature of the banners.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Took another long walk to see where the children go to school. I went down a long hill and kept looking for the pitch the children told me about. Found it coming back, for it was a steep pitch all the way up. It is always harder to climb up than to slide down hill. The children ought to learn something good every day to pay them for climbing that hill.

The little girl here is nine years old; she knits her own stockings; when necessary has milked five cows, made the pie for dinner and makes lovely cookies. Oh, dear, how very small my knowledge of work seems by the side of this little, nine-year-old, old woman!

Made a trip with cousin to the sugar camp. Everything to do with here. Perfect arrangement for gathering the sap, for holding the sap and boiling pan and arch. I don't see why it should be such hard work in the house. For the farm work there is plenty of help; in the house there is none. Every farmer's wife on a large farm makes a mistake right there. We are able to judge the right and wrong for other folks.

One more visit and we are ready to return to Cold Spring Cottage.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Last evening crocheted a mitten for the little lad of the house. He would not go to bed till it was finished, and went to sleep with one mitten on. Like my son John, who went to bed with "one shoe off and one shoe on."

To miss an opportunity of making a child glad is a loss for life. Opportunity is one of the four things that come not back. Finished the mate to the mitten this morning before starting for home. The child's name for me sounds so much like "Some Sugar" that we all accepted it for what he intended. The wind was very cold; it went through us as if we had no bodies. Found everything all right. Oliver came for calling and purred and purred very contentedly. We had had a good visit, but it is lovely to be at home again.

Found some letters waiting; one from Mr. Dudley Dobson, telling Mother of his safe return from Denver; one from Mrs. Whitney inviting me to visit her, and one from Boston, in answer to a letter asking if they could tell me why I never heard from my passion flower seeds after sowing them. I waited a long time (it seemed to me) and then I dug down and found they had not even started to wake up. Then after a while I wrote to ask. I, impatient!

BOSTON, 10/15, 186—.

DEAR MADAM:

The seeds of Passiflora will take some time to vegetate. You possibly became impatient. Sh'd you not succeed with these w'd advise you to purchase a small pl't and you w'd thus save time and enable you to have a good show the first year.

Ys. R.,

Frm. WASHBURN & Co.,

G. SHAW.

Eleanor is home from her visit.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17

I don't know what they were growling about, but Major, Mr. Obee's dog, and Oliver, my cat, never did get along well. Major came over today and the growling began. Major caught Oliver up by the back, shook him, breaking his back. After the mishap the poor thing crawled, an inch at a time, to the dining-room door, opened it with its paw, an old trick, to lie by the stove where we were sitting and talking. Poor thing, he has not made a sign of a sound since he was hurt.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Went over to see if Mr. Obee would kill my poor Oliver. He said he couldn't do it, but George would, for the kitten's fur. My cat's pretty black fur coat. The cat was such lots of company. The purring of a kitten and the ticking of a clock give such a sense of comfort without interfering with thought or talk.

I shall remember today, after Harold Skimpole's way of sainting the person whose kindness has made it a happy day, therefore it is St. Gilbert's Day. Received from the Dr. a beautiful napkin ring made from Lake Superior silver. Eleanor brought it.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20

Two rainbows in one day. A morning rainbow in the west, and at noon a bow directly in the north.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22

Rainy days are very trying to some people. When it rains I do not know what to do with myself. So today, when the blue sky shed copious tears, I sang with the inspiration or desperation of the dying swan. Shubert

says, "The music inspired by my sorrow pleases most, touching other hearts more closely." Fanny Fern says, "No woman writes who is happy." But her saying cannot be wholly true. Is it true that the gift of song and the gift of poesy flourish best in the shadow of sorrow? Note—I don't know that I sang so well this rainy day as to inspire anyone to suppose I was unhappy.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24

Stormy! Mother went to fixing her head-dresses. She is going to make a new lot of nightcaps to look over on rainy days. A store is no sore. I like to look over the box of caps myself. Some have been given by friends who knew her fancy for pretty nightcaps. Some are keepsakes. Some were Grandmother Eleanor's. There are two that Alice embroidered years ago. There is some of Mother's needlework and knitted caps, out of fine thread and lace pattern which were done when she was young. There is the little lace cap she knitted for me, well, when I was a baby, and in this box she keeps the one which I embroidered for her when I was at school. Each one as she takes it up brings some pleasant recollection of the face that once wore it or the hand that wrought it. So they are good company and not at all sleepy as nightcaps should be. I retrimmed a bonnet for occupation and to make it prettier.

Night. The week has gone where all weeks go, to their rest with leaf of laurel, leaf of rose.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25

The day in which we see most of a loved friend is never too long. I know it should be so with the Sabbath. God should be so recognized and his presence so felt in all its hours as to be the most delightful day of the week.

The spirit should come home from the world and rest with God on the Sabbath. There is no tire in loving service. As the Arab says, "No weariness is felt in the day of victory." But these things are not always as they should be. Today has seemed so long with no service and to-night the vale in which I live seems so low and far from God. Help me, oh God, to climb nearer to thee!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

The week began full regular, with the linen made new by another washing, hanging up to dry and sprinkling and spattering and ironing, which has consumed part of the two days past. There will be none of this sort of thing in heaven or on the earth when the old things pass away and all things become new.

Went over to Eleanor's; found Mr. Obee was going to town to get some raisins for Thanksgiving mince pie. He said, "Do you want to go?" I said, "I do want to go."

This form of dialogue is given in the first reader: "Did you hear the dog bark?" "I did hear the dog bark." Was ready in a jiffy. Took my cloak to get it stitched, shopped a little, paid some bills and then waited for Mr. Obee. It was not a bright day and as I looked on the street I loved my meadow view and my mile of country road more than ever.

"And round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry and there to a mill."

A country road for me. It was quite dark when we got home, and Mother, dear, good Mother went over to Eleanor's with me for something that had to be attended to to-night.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28

We celebrated today. Mother's dinner was prime. It was really a Thanksgiving never to be forgotten.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29

Waked from my delicious sleep, a sleep not "stricken with dreams," to find Thanksgiving day really here. It was raining heavily. It stormed so we almost gave up going over to Eleanor's, but it cleared a little and we went, just after the church bells over in town had rung for service. Mr. Obee seemed to have reckoned on the visit, for he said, when he heard it rain in the night, he thought their Thanksgiving would be spoilt.

There was a fire on the hearth and "Granny" Brown sat by the fire dreaming of Fitz William, his hounds and his serving men. We saw a steam picture on the window; we imagined it was a woman's face with parted lips; we said she was singing a song of thanksgiving.

In the evening, at home, we had hickory nuts, salted. I brought them the other day as a present to Mother. So ended a happy day, and a Happy Day added to a

Happy Day makes the sum a

Happy Life.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30

Wakened in the night and listened to the rain on the roof so very near my head and thought about

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN

Deut. 11-14

Fare forth in faith and sow the seed,
The Lord hath promised rain.
He knoweth each one's prayer and need,
Thy trust shall not be vain.

Each year the promise is fulfilled
Of late and early rain,
And who so well his field has tilled
Shall reap the ripened grain.

The early and the latter rain
In yearly circles go;
One marshals spring upon the plain,
One brings the winter's woe.

And who shall say, Lord, stay thy hand,
When meadow brooks o'erflow
And through the winding valley land
The rushing waters go?

They seek the sea by well-worn ways,
By clouds they'll come again.
The sky will weep through autumn days
And laugh in April rain.

THE WITCH HAZEL

WHEW-EU! The West-wind blew hard, scurrying here and there, up and down the hillside, peering everywhere, till there was not a single flower left blossoming. So thoroughly had the West-wind done the work of putting out the lights of summer. Even the mullein's late twinkling lights were out. The West-wind was hilariously happy, he had done so well the work which he had to do. He blew down the narrow valley road and swung himself into the top of a pine tree by the water trough to listen for the hundredth time to the story the pine tree sighs over, forever and forever. A sunbeam shot down through the leaden sky and with a finger of fire pointed straight to a bunch of witch hazels in full bloom. The bushes twinkled all ablaze with stars, utterly regardless of the decree, "All lights out." Shining against a background of young hemlocks, they were as pretty a sight as ever could be to brighten a dark day. But the West-wind didn't think it was a pretty sight. He swung himself out of his pine tree hammock and blew with a big, strong breath. The witch hazel bushes shook and twinkled prettier than ever. The sunbeam had brought a message saying, "Shine, light up these dark days, shine," and they were shining. The West-wind blew again and the Witch Hazel said: "Oh, West-wind, don't blow so hard, you'll put our lights out and we're set in these dark days to shine." Then the West-wind puffed his cheeks out big and blew so hard that the dry, dead leaves were sent hither and thither in a whirlwind and said: "My wild Witch Hazel, you have not a leaf on your branches. The frost long ago transmuted them into thin plates of gold and they have dropped

off, enriching and beautifying the earth and you've just thought about blossoming!" Then he blew the dry leaves hither and thither in another whirlwind. Said the Witch Hazels: "This is our time of bloom; these days need our brightness. There isn't a flower light in the valley beside ours. It is better to bloom late than to bloom never." The West-wind considered. His mission had been to put out the summer lights and he went to rocking again in the pine boughs and the pine tree went on with its endless story.

The Valley road was the main road across country. This very morning as the Red Chariot rattled along it carried four passengers. A little seven-year-old girl with her mother, a young man though past youth and an old man whose hair was soft, snowy white. The old man was attractive in manner; his gentle consideration for others demanded like gentle consideration for himself. He seemed to have a special fondness for the cane which he carried, often smoothing it as if it brought to him the touch of a friend's hand. It was dark brown wood and the several Hebrew characters near the knob made it easy to guess a friend had remembered him when in Palestine. That which makes Palestine the Holy Land is the fact that the Friend lived there who remembers us.

Everything about the younger man said, "I am nice." Niceness in his life seemed the one thing that had attained perfection. His face would have been handsome but for the selfishness that showed as plain as his nose. He had studied to know, for himself. He had traveled to see, for his own pleasure. He enjoyed beauty, light, warmth, the joy freely given in life, and gave nothing. The world was no wiser for his knowledge, no happier for his being, no richer for his wealth. The training of travel, of study and the luxury of wealth had left their fine traces visible and had unselfish been written for selfish, the face would have been a really fine one. "Israel is an empty vine, he

bringeth forth fruit unto himself." The prophet was taught of God to tell that the life lived unto oneself is empty of joy. The Red Chariot stopped at the watering trough, where the pine tree was story-telling to the Westwind and the Witch Hazels shining. The driver jumped down from his seat, loosed the check reins and, while the horses drank, swung his arms back and forward and looked to the luggage. The eyes of the child saw the witch hazel blossoms. "See, Mother, there's a little Christmas tree with its tapers all lighted." Blessed childhood, that holds with one hand to the last Christmas and reaches with the other to the next, and so never letting go of the Christ-child born in Bethlehem. The mother answered: "Perhaps the little bush was in such a hurry to be a tree that it forgot its blossom time." And the old man said: "It is better to bloom late than to bloom never."

The driver looked at the child and at the bush and thought: "I've been over this road for five years every day except Sundays, and I never saw that thing before. It must have been there all the time. It must have been there yesterday, and it was so sunshiny how pretty it must have looked. It is a bright thing growing in my way and I never saw it. Likely I've missed other things. I have eyes, yet do not see."

A child's word is often the key that opens new worlds whose height and depth and breadth no man hath measured. As the driver drew the check rein he patted the neck of each horse and the Red Chariot rolled on its way. He who had said nothing at the watering-trough about the autumn's last blossom had heard all and was also thinking, yet he made no sign of having seen or heard. It is often so; those who are influenced by our words and acts make no sign. "This child," he thought, "represents spring, the mother summer, I am autumn, my neighbor is winter. Together we have the year of life complete." But the

children who ran to the windows of the farmhouses to see the Red Chariot roll by did not know that they had looked into the faces of the four seasons.

The little broken bit of talk at the watering-trough kept recurring to his mind and he thought, "There is a Christ (though no one had spoken to him of Christ). There is a time. It is better to accept Him late than never, than to reject Him forever." As the Valley became broader, the air seemed colder. If the West-wind had been rocked to sleep in the pine tree it had waked up very cross. The young man with a sudden coming out of himself, almost abrupt, said to the old man: "My good sir, do me the favor to use this wrap; the air is very sharp." And in a moment the old man was snugly wrapped from the cold. Kindness to the aged is a flower never out of season. It was a little thing? No, it was a great thing, for this man had scarcely in his life thought of the comfort of anyone but himself. As his thoughts were drawn to the Lord of Love, they warmed toward his fellow creatures. The seed had taken root in his soul, the act was the plumule seeking the light. It was only a pebble that changed the current of his thoughts, but they were changed. They did not feel the West-wind longer for it hasted back to the story-telling pine and stopped to say to the Witch Hazels: "Shine; your shining is not in vain. He knows who set you in these dark days, the time for you to shine."

DECEMBER DAYS

TO BE OR TO SEEM TO BE—PANSIES—A HANGING BIRD'S
NEST—HENS DRINKING—OLD BOOKS—A KING'S DINNER
—BRYANT AND SWINBURNE—VISITING BEFORE FLITTING—
CHRISTMAS EVE.

DECEMBER

Such sweet surprises are wind sown
In every rood of garden grown.
I thank my God for eyes to see
The rare in things grown commonly.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1

Have tried to finish Mother's silk dress, but it won't finish for me. It will have to go to Madame Chegarye.* There are some things that cannot be done as well as others, although the adage says some things *can* be done as well as others. Evening—A bright fire, a warm parlor, Mother and I enjoying hickory nuts.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2

Preaching Sunday. A quiet, still meeting with no disturbing occurrences. The text was, "Yet all have not believed." The preacher strove to show why all had not believed and the way to believe.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3

Another great day in this American household. Something wanted a long time and patiently waited for has be-

*A fashionable New York finishing school of those days.

come a reality. My cloak is very pretty. To *be* beautiful, to possess the beauty which fadeth not with years, *i. e.*, a lovely character, requires pruning and training that is often hard to bear, but it is worth all the cost. To *look* pretty. Yes, I remember what I have been taught and I subscribe to it without mental reservation, still it is with much cost of time and labor and thought that one must give, to look pretty always; and I believe it better worth the pains to *be* beautiful than to spend life simply to look pretty. The chest made to hold the law of God was gold *within* and without. Both beautiful.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4

The birthday of an absent one. Eleanor and Mr. Obee invited to dinner. A rainy day, just the sort of a day one wishes for pleasant company. Eleanor brought a bouquet of pansies to ornament the dinner table. Looking at them one forgot the outside storm. What great eyes they have! How they follow you, as do the eyes of the ancestral pictures on the wall. Sometimes they seem to rebuke one's impatience. Sometimes they comfort, with such sweet comfort. It seems when you look into their clear, sweet eyes as if God whispered to your heart, saying, "Trust me fully and your life shall be filled with joy, as these are full of beauty."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6

Coming over from Eleanor's just at nightfall, I climbed the rail fence by the big cherry tree and stood tiptoe on the topmost rail to reach a hanging bird's nest. It was a deserted nest, for there was one little egg left. I examined it carefully. What a perfectly built little swinging home it is! It is a very pretty ornament for the White Room. So do the things which are of use to one become the ornaments of the home of another.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7

In Mary's absence one of my duties in the morning has been to feed the hens. They come for calling and go down in regular and very solemn procession to drink at the brook—the overflow from the spring which wanders away and is lost in the bog. It's one of the funniest things in the country to see a lot of hens drink. They are so aggravatingly moderate about it. They take one drop at a time, then lift their heads on high and swallow, and then another drop. A hen never drinks in a hurry.

Have packed the china and the books. Am so sorry that my hands should let fall the bust of Jenny Lind, which Mr. Dudley Dobson presented to Mother and which she has always prized so highly. Mother and I have been reading in Morse's old Geography, 1793. Only in the country does one find time to read old books. The story of the earth flax, asbestos, has interested me greatly, especially the cleansing by fire. I found a description of the mistletoe in the old Edinburgh Dispensary, when Jan sent a sprig from Tennessee.

"Old books to read, old wood to burn, old wine to drink and old friends to converse with." We have the old books and they are very precious. Old wood! No ordinary family in the country will ever have old wood to burn; it's too near the woods to get it up before it is needed. Calvin manages to keep a stick or two ahead and he seems to think that is all any sensible person ought to ask. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," must read for Calvin, "Sufficient unto the day is the wood thereof." For the wine, when my library is fitted up, I'll take coffee for the wine. The Japanese mother stipulates for her daughter in the betrothal contract a quantity of paper, it being a staple article in Japan. The Mohammedan mother asks that the husband shall keep

the wife in coffee. Both excellent stipulations, far better than the old Russian custom of the wife presenting a whip to her husband on her wedding night as a reminder of her duty as she submissively pulls off her lord's boots. And old friends! Oh, if one only could keep one's best beloved friends!

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11

A king's dinner! Many such dinners have we had beneath this old rooftree and to think, he who has a king's dinner every day is a king. I suppose queen should be substituted for king, to make it fit our household. A little thing to make mention of? Dinner is no little thing. It is the hinge on which turns the day's destiny.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12

Scrapbooking and the "Evening Post" appears in another and condensed form. I don't know how we would have got along through some of the dark days without Bryant and Swinburne. They have given us beautiful thoughts and kept us in touch with the world outside, where the sky touches the hills and shuts in this lovely little valley of side hill farms.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15

Visited at one of the neighboring farmhouses. The old farmer does not esteem learning very highly. If one can sign a paper without being obliged to make a cross, and can reckon interest, that is sufficient, he thinks; but, dear me, will I ever find a place that somebody won't ask a question that makes me very conscious of how little I know? Now it is how to measure hay in the bay. 'Spose I could learn, but the old farmer chuckled most heartily over the fact that I did not know.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21

Another visit to a neighbor's before going away. They sent for us in the morning and according to accepted custom we were to stay all day. Had the roast beef been turkey, it would have been a regulation Thanksgiving dinner that they served up for us. There was the pumpkin and the mince pie and pudding and cakes and honey and cheese and cream biscuit and tea. It was all very nice and we were a long time at dinner, but to show proper friendliness one is expected to eat as if breaking a fast of weeks. It is a choice of two evils, overeating or having the honor of being called "mincing." I thought I slid between the two, but I feel tonight like an anaconda after swallowing an ox. They brought us home just at night. It was ever so kind of them to take so much trouble.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22

D. V., we shall leave the Cottage very soon after Christmas. How little one knows what God has written on the next page until the leaf is turned. Got some coffee and cranberries for our Sunday dinner. Always cranberries for Mother.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23

Eleanor was moved by the near prospect of our departure to come over to dinner today. Partings are always sad, even though we think it will be but for a short time. So we had "Little Christmas," Mother, Eleanor and I, we three. We were out of bread and I stirred up the rye dropcakes which we think so nice and which are such a novelty, being "riz" with salt and sugar. Mother delighted me by saying she was glad to have me make them. When the household dine together it is not so much what

they eat, as the spirit in which they meet. It was a lovely thought of Eleanor's to come today.

CHRISTMAS EVE

One can feel a storm brewing long before it gets within sound or sight, so one can feel Christmas in the air. One does not even have to look in the year's Almanac to know when the Holy Day draweth near. It makes one a little sad to think that one has outgrown one's faith in Kris Kringle who brought the gifts with a "miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer," and that Christmas trees are not lighted for us when we grow to be as tall as Mother.

But we have learned what we did not know as little children, that Love is the true Kris Kringle.

We were never at the Cottage before at a holiday time; we may never be again. It seemed as if we ought to celebrate in some memorable way, being so fond of celebrating and of holidays, and being gifted to make happiness out of very little material.

After Father died, Mother said, "I shall never sing again," and parted with her violin. Today I asked her if she would sing the old Christmas songs tonight and consider for the time that she was playing on her own violin, if I would go and borrow Billy Willson's fiddle, on which he plays jig tunes. She said she would and I borrowed Billy Willson's fiddle.

When night came and it was, as the children say, "truly, truly" Christmas Eve, Mother sang the old songs. The open doors of the stove allowed the firelight to fill the room, and sitting in the firelight Mother played and sang. One old song, my special favorite, warbled up and down like a soft wind blowing over the hills and through the

valleys of Judea. It was very sweet and I know it will warble on in memory as long as I shall live.

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
 And glory shone around,
 And glory shone around,
The Angel of the Lord came down
 And glory shone around.”

These are the words of the hymn that I liked so much, the notes of which are still running in my thoughts as “I lay me down to sleep,” and “Pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.” It some way seems as if the Angel of the Lord came this very night to the Cottage and glory shone around and

“Glory shone around.”

Tomorrow or the next day we shall turn the key in the Cottage door.

AU REVOIR.

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